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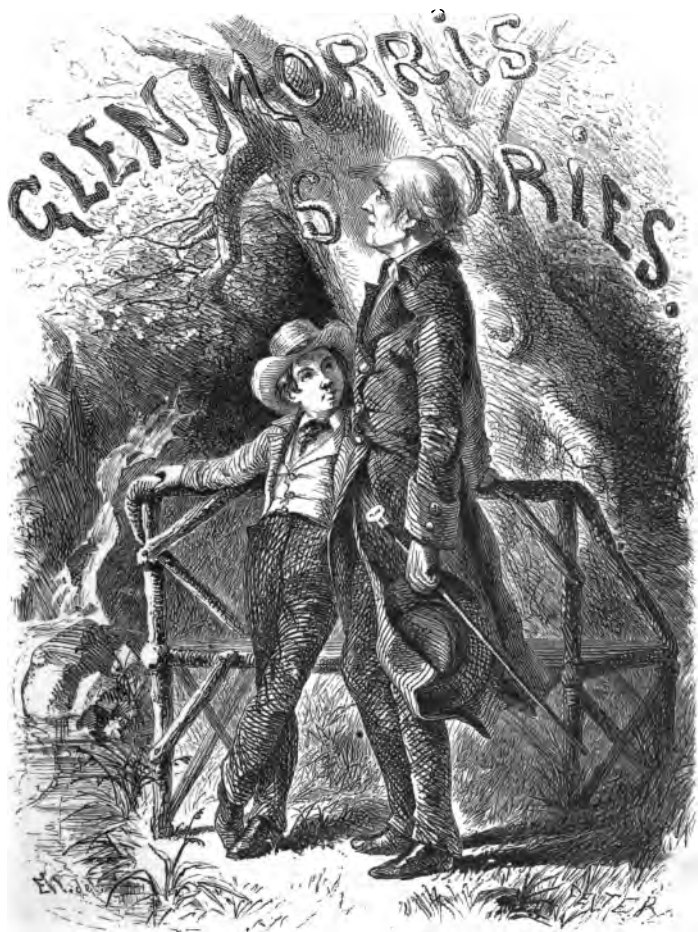


**KATE RECOVERING HER SHOE.**

**Frontispiece.**









GLEN MORRIS STORIES.

---

Daniel Wise

KATE CARLTON;

THE

STORY OF A PROUD, VAIN GIRL.

BY

FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ., *pen-nid*

AUTHOR OF "WALTER SHERWOOD," "JESSIE CARLTON," "MY UNCLE  
TOBY'S LIBRARY," ETC.

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## NOTE

TO PARENTS, GUARDIANS, AND TEACHERS.

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THE purpose of the "GLEN MORRIS STORIES" is to sow the seed of pure, noble, manly character in the mind of our great nation's childhood. They exhibit the virtues and vices of childhood, not in prosy, unreadable precepts, but in a series of characters which move before the imagination as living beings do before the senses. Thus access to the heart is won by way of the imagination. While the story charms, the truth sows itself in the conscience and in the affections. The child is thereby led to abhor the false and the vile, and to sympathize with the right, the beautiful, and the true. To every parent, teacher, and guardian, who has affinity with these high purposes, the "Glen Morris Stories" are most respectfully inscribed by their fellow-laborer in the field of childhood,

FRANCIS FORRESTER.

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## ORDER OF THE GLEN MORRIS STORIES.

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- I. *Guy Carlton, the Story of a Boy who belonged to the "Try Company."*
- II. *Dick Duncan, the Story of a Boy who loved Mischief.*
- III. *Jessie Carlton, the Story of a Girl who fought with little Impulse, the Wizard, and conquered him.*
- IV. *Walter Sherwood, the Story of an easy, good-natured Boy.*
- V. *Kate Carlton, the Story of a proud, vain Girl.*



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## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY.

KATE CARLTON, niece to Uncle Morris and to Mr. and Mrs. Carlton.

ALICE SHERWOOD, Kate's friend, and sister to Walter Sherwood.

GUY, HUGH, and JESSIE CARLTON, consins to Kate.

CARRIE SHERWOOD, Jessie's particular friend.

RICHARD DUNCAN, ADOLPHUS, NORMAN, DONALD, HARRY, &c., members of the Archery Club.

BELLA BUTLER, NELLY BRIGGS, ROSA and CORA CAMERON, &c., lady members of the Archery Club.

# KATE CARLTON.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### SULKY ALL DAY.

"I WANT my breakfast, Mrs. Carlton," said Kate Carlton to her aunt, one morning. Kate said this in a very angry tone of voice, and with much haughtiness in her manner.

"The breakfast-table was cleared half an hour ago, my dear," replied Mrs. Carlton, looking up from her work, and speaking very kindly.

"Indeed! and what am I to do for my breakfast, pray!"

"You may go into the kitchen and eat it, my dear, if the servants have not put every thing away. If they have, you must wait until dinner-time. I cannot allow a second breakfast to be prepared for you any more."



"The idea!" exclaimed Kate. "Do you think *I* would eat in the *kitchen*?"

"You must eat there this morning, my dear, or go hungry until dinner," said Mrs. Carlton, with a coolness which showed that she was not to be moved.

Kate was now fiercely angry. She was very fond of sleeping far into the morning. Hitherto she had been indulged by her kind aunt with a nicely-prepared breakfast whenever she chose to come down-stairs. This, of course, was a troublesome practice. The servants grumbled about it; Mr. Carlton had entered his protest against it, because it was a needless addition to his wife's cares; and Uncle Morris had opposed it, because, he said, "it would ruin the girl to indulge her laziness in that way." Hence, Kate had been told the day before that she must henceforth rise early enough to eat breakfast with the family. The new rule was now being put in force for the first time. Kate's pride was wounded. She stamped her slippered foot on the floor, her eyes flashed like two little comets, and she said firmly—

"I'll write to my mamma, and tell her that you mean to starve me!"

Uncle Morris, who had been a silent listener to this brief conversation, now laid his morning paper upon the table. His blue eyes shot mixed rays of merriment and anger over the top of his spectacles at his excited niece, and he said—

"Tut, tut, tut! Such language cannot be allowed in this cottage. You must speak respectfully to your aunt, or keep silence, Miss Kate."

"Let her give me my breakfast, then. I did not come here to be starved," replied Kate, shooting one of her sharpest sneers at the good old man.

"You came here to find a home, my child, and you must submit to the rules of the household. Your kind aunt has indulged your indolence ever since you came here, by getting you a breakfast whenever you chose to eat it. She will do so no more. Hereafter, you must be down-stairs at the regular hour for breakfast, or go without, unless you choose to eat a little

later at the servants' table in the kitchen. This rule is made for your own benefit. We shall all be pleased to see you at table with us. If you will not, the blame will be your own. The proverb says, *Idleness must thank itself if it go barefoot*. You must thank yourself if you go without a breakfast."

"The idea!" exclaimed Kate, turning round and pulling the door after her with a bang, as she left the room. A moment later she was in her chamber weeping violently, and muttering sundry hard sayings about her aunt and Uncle Morris, with which I do not care to soil the pages of this book.

Mrs. Carlton held her needle still, listening to Kate's retiring footsteps, until they were no longer audible. Then sighing deeply she murmured, "What an ungrateful girl!" and resumed her sewing. But Kate's harsh words remained in her heart like the stings of angry bees.

As for Uncle Morris, he gave expression to his feelings by repeating the words of the king of proverb-makers: *As vinegar to the teeth, and*

*as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to him that sendeth her,* and to those who seek to reform her. He added the latter clause himself, to make it more exactly suit the case of Kate.

When the dinner-hour arrived, and the family was seated round the table, Kate was missing. Jessie Carlton looked at the vacant chair, and then, turning to her mother, said—

“Where is cousin Kate, mother?”

“She is in her room, my dear. Perhaps she did not hear the bell. Suppose you run up and tell her dinner is ready,” said Mrs. Carlton.

“Her ladyship has the sulks, I guess. She will punish her appetite to feed her temper, and will not come down to dinner,” replied Uncle Morris, with a faint smile. The good old man was too much grieved with his forward niece to smile heartily.

Jessie went to Kate's chamber-door, and gave it two or three gentle taps. Receiving no answer, she tapped louder. Still no answer came. Opening the door, she saw Kate seated with her face on the dressing-table and hidden by her arms. Touching her shoulder, Jessie said—

"Kate, dinner is ready. Will you please to come down?"

"Go away!" growled Kate, without deigning to look up.

Jessie felt hurt by these harsh words, but being anxious to conciliate her cousin, she kept down her feelings, and said—

"Katie dear, do come down to dinner."

"Go away, I tell you!" growled Kate again.

"Shall I tell ma that you are sick and can't come?" said Jessie, who, not knowing what had occurred in the morning, began to think Kate was really sick.

These kind words were like oil poured on the fire of Kate's anger. She chose to think her cousin was mocking her. Starting up from her seat she planted her feet firmly on the floor, stretched out her right arm, and pointing towards the door, looked fiercely on poor Jessie, with the air of a queen in a passion, and said—

"Leave my room, you little torment!"

Jessie was somewhat frightened, and deeply wounded in her feelings. She left the room,

hurried down-stairs, and, as she re-entered the dining-room, burst into tears.

"What *is* the matter, Jessie dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Carlton, turning round, and drawing Jessie to her side.

Several moments passed before Jessie could persuade her sobs to keep down, enough to enable her to tell her story. During these moments, Hugh nudged Guy's arm, and remarked, in his usual unbrotherly spirit—

"Another *girls'* quarrel, I guess."

"Jessie never *quarrels*. Kate has said something to grieve her," replied Guy, in a voice which reached his sister's ear.

"Yes," said Jessie, stifling her sobs, "she called me a *little torment*, and ordered me out of the room."

"Kate is her own tormentor. Her pride turns every thing she touches into thorns and briars," remarked Uncle Morris.

Jessie now finished the story of her reception by Kate, after which her mother kissed her with great tenderness. That sweet, loving kiss was like a healing balm to Jessie's feelings.

She dried her tears, and seating herself, began eating her dinner.

The meal-times at Glen Morris Cottage were usually very pleasant occasions. Uncle Morris made them so with his wise but lively sayings, and his tact at drawing the family into familiar conversation. To-day, however, the old gentleman was thoughtful, and a shade of sadness rested on his noble features. He said little. No one else was inclined to talk. The dinner-hour passed away almost gloomily. Kate's evil spirit acted upon them all like a cold east wind, spreading damp, and fog, and darkness all over that otherwise happy household. Strange, that a poor girl, cast on the charity of her relations, and so totally dependent upon their kindness as she was, could be so ungrateful!

Mrs. Carlton expressed her wonder at Kate's conduct, in a conversation about her after dinner.

"She is a spoiled, proud girl," said Uncle Morris, "and that explains it all. As the old proverb has it, *Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.*"

It was agreed between Mrs. Carlton and Uncle Morris, that Kate should be left to herself. His sister's heart inclined her to send food up-stairs to the silly girl; but in judgment she agreed with Mr. Morris, who closed their long talk over the matter by saying, in his pleasant way—

"Let her alone. We have undertaken to break in the colt, and, proud as she is, hunger will soon teach her that it is *better to bend the neck than bruise the forehead.*"

At the close of that afternoon Jessie came home from school with her friend Carrie Sherwood, and Miss Alice Sherwood, Carrie's elder sister. This young lady had been away to school most of the time since the settlement of the Carlton family at Duncanville. She had formed a slight acquaintance with Kate at Jessie's pic-nic, the previous summer. The reader will perhaps recollect that Kate was visiting Glen Morris then, and Alice was spending a brief vacation at home.\*

Alice had now left school, and knowing Kate

---

\* See "DICK DUNCAN," chapter 10.



to be about her own age, was desirous to cultivate her acquaintance. Hence, when Jessie and Carrie came bounding into her father's house, the first afternoon after her arrival home, she said—

“Jessie, wait a moment. I'll step over to Glen Morris with you. I want to see your cousin Kate.”

Jessie thought of the part which had been acted by Kate at noon, and her face grew very long and blank. This was so unlike her warm, loving ways, that Alice noticed it, and added, after a few moments' silence—

“Kate is well, isn't she?”

“Yes,” said Jessie, “Kate is well.”

“She is at home too, isn't she?”

“Yes,” replied Jessie, still looking very thoughtful, “Kate is at home.”

“Then I'll go over with you, and make her a call.”

“I don't think she will see you this afternoon,” said Jessie, scarcely knowing what to say.

“Fiddlestrings!” exclaimed Alice. (Fiddlestrings was a favorite word with Alice, though

if the reader can see what fiddlestrings had to do with Jessie's reply, he is certainly more keen than I am.) "If Kate is at home, and not sick, she will see me, I'm sure. Not see *me*, indeed! Fiddlestrings!"

"Well, I think she won't see you," said Jessie.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because—because—well, because I do," replied Jessie, still unwilling to expose her cousin to Alice.

"That's what they call a lady's reason," said Alice; "but I shall go for all that. I'll be ready in a minute."

"I'll go with you, too," said Carrie, after Alice had left the room.

"Yes, do," replied Jessie, still retaining her thoughtful look. She was wondering if Kate would after all see Alice.

"What *is* the matter with you?" asked Carrie, wondering why Jessie looked so thoughtful. "Don't you want me to go with you?"

"To be sure I want you," said Jessie, her face growing round and bright again with its old happy smile.

Alice now came back equipped for her short walk. She was a fine-looking girl, with large brown eyes, beautifully arched eyebrows, round, rosy cheeks, shaded by clusters of long brown ringlets, a small nose, and one of the sweetest of dimpled chins. No wonder that Carrie whispered to Jessie, as Alice tripped down the steps of the piazza before them—

“Isn’t my sister pretty?”

“Splendid!” said Jessie.

When they arrived at Glen Morris Cottage, and Alice’s introductions to Mrs. Carlton and Uncle Morris were over, she said—

“Can I see Miss Kate, Mrs. Carlton?”

“I will send Martha up to her room to call her,” replied Mrs. Carlton, evasively.

Martha was sent up with Miss Sherwood’s compliments and Mrs. Carlton’s request that she would come down and see her young friend.

“Tell Miss Sherwood that I cannot see company to-day,” was Kate’s haughty reply to Martha.

“Yes, Miss,” said Martha, staring with surprise at this rude message. As she was turning

from the door, Kate spoke again, and this time in a voice loud enough to be heard half way down-stairs—

“If Miss Sherwood wishes to know why I can’t see company, tell her to ask my aunt; or—here—tell her a starving person can’t be expected to see company.”

“Yes, Miss,” said Martha; “I’ll tell missus what you say.”

Mrs. Carlton met Martha in the hall, and having heard her niece’s impertinent message, returned to the parlor and said—

“Miss Sherwood, you must excuse my niece. She declines seeing company to-day. Kate is sometimes a little whimsical, you know. You will excuse her, will you not?”

This was an honest reply. Some ladies would have said Kate was sick. But Mrs. Carlton knew that to tell a lie for politeness’ sake is just as mean and wicked as to lie through fear or for the sake of gain. So she told as much of the truth as she could, without exposing Kate’s misconduct to her visitor. Kate *was* whimsical, proudly, wickedly whimsical.

Alice felt hurt, although she accepted the excuse with as much grace and apparent good-nature as she could command. On her way back, she said to her sister—

“Carrie! I think Kate Carlton’s whims make her very disagreeable, don’t you?”

“I wish she was like Jessie,” said Carrie, not liking to give a direct reply to her sister’s question. Carrie had been taught to speak evil of no one.

“Fiddlestrings!” exclaimed Alice, by which expressive term I suppose she meant to say that Carrie had not answered her question.

Did Kate cease sulking that afternoon? Fancy yourself peeping into her room just after the tea-bell had rung. She sits in her rocking-chair now. Her hair is disordered, her eyes red with weeping, her face is pale with exhaustion, her brow is clouded, her lips are pursed and pouting. A more perfect embodiment of pride in an ill-humor you have perhaps never seen. But hist! she is talking to herself. Let us listen.

“Tea-time, is it? Well, I shan’t go down.

I won't gratify that ugly old frump they call Uncle Morris. I wish he wasn't *my* uncle. As to my Uncle and Aunt Carlton, they are cruel—regular Bluebeards. Here they have kept me all day with nothing to eat. Oh my! how faint and lear I am! I've a great mind to go down, after all, for I am terrible hungry. But I *won't*. I'll *die* first. They want to humble me, but they can't do it. Humble *me*, indeed! No, they can't humble Kate Carlton! The cruel creatures, to starve me in this way! I won't stand it. I'll go away from this horrid place. Yes, I'll write to my mother directly—this blessed minute."

This purpose seemed to relieve Kate's passion. She lighted her lamp, closed the shutters, took out her writing materials, and wrote as follows:

"GLEN MORRIS COTTAGE, April —, 18—.

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—

"I want you to take me away from this horrid place directly. They treat me cruelly. They are starving me to death. It is now past

seven o'clock, and I have not tasted a single morsel all day. I'm faint and sick. I shall soon die, if you don't come for me. I'm too weak to write any more. Please do come for me soon. Dear, dear mother, do come. I am

"Your affectionate child,

"KATE CARLTON."

Writing this wicked note so gratified Kate's feelings, that they grew calmer, and being really weary through hunger and much weeping, she hurried into bed, and wept herself into an uneasy sleep.

Such was Kate's first experience of the sterner discipline which Uncle Morris had judged it necessary to apply to Kate. Since her coming to Glen Morris, the good old man had tried the power of kindness, and all the family had indulged her, until it had become clear as a moonbeam that her pride, idleness, and vanity were too deeply rooted to be overcome by indulgent kindness. "She must be rigidly disciplined. We must mingle the gall of correction with the honey of kindness. Our love

must be a bitter-sweet," the old man had said. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton had agreed with him. Their first attempt was on her lazy habit of late sleeping in the morning. Her pride had rebelled. You have seen her through that day of pride and passion. Did you ever study a more unpleasant picture? Let it teach you that a proud, vain young lady in a fit of passion is one of the most odious objects in the world.



## CHAPTER II.

### A SEASHORE TRIP.

"DING-A-LING, ding-a-ling, ding," said the "*first* breakfast-bell" the next morning at seven o'clock. It spoke so loud that all in the house, who were not already up, were waked by it, Kate among the rest.

"Oh dear, I suppose I must get up," said she, yawning, "or I shall be starved again as I was yesterday."

So Kate arose, dressed, and at the summons of the "second bell," went down-stairs. She swept into the dining-room with the air of a great lady, scarcely deigning smile or word in reply to the friendly greetings of the family.

No allusion was made by any one to the affair of the day previous, except Hugh. He was always on the look-out for a chance to "tease the girls," as he was wont to call it. Hence,

when a pause occurred in the conversation of the family, he turned to Kate and said—

“Kate, why didn’t you come down to see your friend Alice, yesterday?”

A deep blush burned in Kate’s cheeks, a frown gathered on her brow, and her eyes flashed scorn on her cousin, who was promptly rebuked by his father saying—

“Silence! Hugh.”

When breakfast and family prayers were over, Master Hugh rose from his knees, and slipping up to Kate’s side, said in a low tone of voice—

“Kate, did you *pray*, as well as *fast*, yesterday?”

Kate replied with one of her most killing frowns, but Jessie, who was sitting by her side, having heard Hugh’s question, came to her relief by saying—

“You are a good-for-nothing tease, Mister Hugh. You will have to pray and fast a good deal, before you become what you ought to be.”

Hugh was about to reply, but seeing his Uncle Morris coming towards him, he checked

his ready tongue, and darted out of the room. Uncle Morris touched Kate on the shoulder very gently, and said—

“I am going to take a drive with your aunt this morning, and should be pleased to have your company, Miss Kate. Will you go?”

This was said so kindly, and appealed so strongly to the girl's best-loved recreation, that, in spite of the unhealed wounds still festering in her proud heart, she yielded a half-reluctant assent. True, her pride sent an abrupt “No, Sir,” to her lips; but the thought, “I might as well take pleasure when I can,” recalled it, and she said, with great stiffness—

“If you please, Sir.”

Uncle Morris pulled out his watch, and after looking at it musingly awhile, replied—

“That's right. Be ready by ten o'clock, my dear.”

Kate bowed, and swept out of the room in her usual style. She went up-stairs, somewhat softened by the delicate kindness which had been shown her by all the family except Hugh. Blind as was her pride, she could not avoid

seeing that they had not only refrained from triumphing over her submission to authority, but that they had all acted as if they wished to spare her feelings as much as possible—all but Hugh.

"Hugh is an impertinent boy," she mused. "I don't like him one bit. But then he always was a tease. Why should I care for him? The rest of them were kind, and didn't make any fun of me for humbling myself. Oh dear! I wish I was at home again, where I could always have my own way. I don't like their ways in this house. They are too strict, and yet"—here Kate paused, sat down, laid her face on the table, with her arms round her head, and *thought*. Of course I can't tell you her thoughts, because she never told them to me. But she thought several minutes, and then sitting up, sighed and said: "After all, Uncle Morris is a kind old man. I was as ugly as I could be all day yesterday, and to-day he takes me out for a drive. Heigho! I wish I was more like him."

Just at that moment Kate's eye rested on the letter she had written the night before. It was

unfolded. She read it over, sighed, said "I guess I won't send it," and tore it to fragments. After doing which very sensible deed, she said—

"There! now I must make haste and dress, or Uncle Morris will drive away without me."

She was right. Uncle Morris had given her a lesson in punctuality not long before, by starting on a drive without her, because she was not ready at the appointed minute.

Just as the clock struck ten, Kate left her room, dressed in very gay style. Her best hat, highly beplumed and flowered, a costly shawl, a rich blue-silk dress, and thin slippers, adorned her person. Had she been going to call on some stately lady of wealth and fashion, she could scarcely have gone in a gayer style.

Uncle Morris smiled more in pity than in anger, as Kate stalked into the room with stately steps.

"Carriage ready, Sir!" said the coachman, looking in at the hall door.

"All right, James," replied Mr. Morris; and turning to Kate, he said: "Carriage ready, my

dear. You can step in and take the back seat. I see your aunt is coming down-stairs."

Kate left the room, and seated herself in the carriage. Mrs. Carlton, who had seen her as she swept down the hall, now joined her brother, saying, as she went down the hall—

"How foolishly that girl does dress! She looks more fit for a grand party than for a ride along country lanes."

"*Gaudy, slothful people are wasps which eat up the honey made by the industrious bees,*" replied the old gentleman, shrugging his shoulders.

"Stop at Mr. Sherwood's place, James," said Uncle Morris to the coachman, as he stepped into the carriage.

"Yes, Sir," replied the man, bowing respectfully.

Seeing that Kate looked surprised at this order, Uncle Morris said—

"I thought a young companion would make your ride more agreeable, Miss Kate; so I sent a note to Miss Sherwood, by Jessie, inviting her to ride with us."

Kate blushed, and stammered her thanks.

She felt that she had not treated Alice politely the day before, and was mortified at the prospect of having to make an apology. She did not know that Uncle Morris had planned this drive chiefly for the purpose of healing any wound in Miss Sherwood's feelings which Kate's conduct might have made.

Alice was at the door, waiting. She looked as fresh as a new-blown rose, and lively as a humming-bee. A plain straw bonnet, modestly trimmed, a light spring cloak, covering a very pretty calico dress, and stout shoes, made up her outward attire. As she bounded down the path to the carriage, Uncle Morris, who could not avoid contrasting her with his gaudy niece, observed—

“What a neat, lively, happy girl Alice is!”

There was no time for further remark, for Alice leaped into the carriage, and taking the vacant seat opposite Kate, turned first to Mrs. Carlton and said—

“Good-morning, Mrs. Carlton.” Without giving time for a reply, she said the same to Uncle Morris; and then, leaning across the

carriage, she kissed Kate, and said—"Oh, how glad I am to see you, dear Kate!"

Uncle Morris smiled at the hearty manner of Alice, and bade her a good-morning. Kate seemed a little annoyed, and after a few minutes began to mumble an apology, pleading a headache, for not coming down-stairs to see Alice the day before.

"Oh, fiddlestrings! I don't want any apology. I s'pose you didn't feel like coming down, and so you didn't," said Alice, looking archly, and laughing merrily.

"Fiddlestrings? Pray, what part did the fiddlestrings play in the affair, Miss Alice?" said Uncle Morris, fixing his merry eyes on the young lady.

"Oh, fid—well—ha, ha, ha! I really don't know, Mr. Morris. It's a way I've got, of saying Fiddlestrings—that's all," replied Alice, laughing and blushing.

"Yes, I know that, my dear. I heard Jessie say you were very fond of fiddlestrings or fiddlesticks—of the word, I mean. But why do you use it, Miss Alice?"



"I really don't know."

"A capital reason, truly—*for never using it any more,*" said Uncle Morris, with a quiet laugh.

No doubt the good old gentleman was right. The habit of using useless, unmeaning words is very common, very easily formed, and very easily used as a stepping-stone to the worse habit of using angry and profane words. Alice felt the justice of Mr. Morris's pleasant rebuke, and like a sensible girl took no offence, but said—

"Thank you, Mr. Morris, I'll try to leave it off."

"That is a lovely bit of landscape!" said Mr. Morris, pointing to some fine fields, woods, and farm-houses.

The party replied variously, and the rest of their ride was made both pleasant and profitable by the quaint sayings of the good old gentleman, the quiet remarks of Mrs. Carlton, and the overflowing good-nature of Alice. Kate said very little, however. She was almost too lazy to talk of any thing besides the newest fashion or the last party.

Presently the carriage stopped at the door of a long, unpainted house, two stories high, with a rude piazza on its end and front. Lounging about the piazza were a group of stout men, in rough fishermen's jackets. Some of them wore big boots, with the high tops outside of their pants. Others were barefoot. Most of them were smoking short, dirty-looking pipes. A few were whittling. All were staring point-blank at our party in the carriage.

"Ugh! what a horrid set of fellows! They look like robbers," said Kate, making up a face which was meant to show her disgust.

"Fiddle—oh, I forgot!" said Alice, looking archly at Uncle Morris, who was now assisting his sister out of the carriage. Then turning to her friend, she added—"Those men are honest, hard-working fishermen, Kate. They would be as awkward at a robbery as they they would at doing the agreeable to a young lady like you."

Our party now walked along the piazza, up a pair of stairs which could not boast of many marks of the mechanic's art, and into a boarded room. The upholsterer and cabinet-maker had

done nothing to adorn it, save to leave a few wooden chairs and a rickety table, lest some fastidious critic should presume to call it unfurnished.

"Do they call *this* a tavern?" said Kate, with a most exquisite twist of her scornful nose, after she had taken a hasty survey of the apartment.

"Certainly, my dear," said Uncle Morris, laughing. "This is a tavern, and a very popular one it is, too. Some of the nicest people on the island patronize it."

"Are *we* to stay here long, Uncle?" asked Kate, with a most anxious look.

"I hope so. It's a regular Robinson Crusoe's parlor. I like it," said Alice, interrupting Mr. Morris's reply.

"We shall stay here to dinner, my dear," said the old gentleman, in answer to Kate's question, as he passed out of the room, on his way downstairs.

"Oh, horrid! I wish I hadn't come. I don't want to sit down a moment in this rough, dirty hole," cried Kate, quite angrily.

"The place is rough, certainly, but it is as clean as soap and water can make it. Sit down, my dear, and don't make yourself unhappy," replied Mrs. Carlton. "Sit down before this window. The view is very fine."

"Oh, it's perfectly splendid!" said Alice; "do come, Kate, and look at it."

"I won't," rejoined Kate, snappishly. "I don't want to muss my clothes by sitting in these chairs. I'll go down and sit in the carriage until you are ready to go."

"Fiddlestrings! Well, I can't help saying it, Mrs. Carlton," said Alice, seeing that lady smile at her exclamation. "I can't help it. Kate must not go down into the carriage."

But Kate was already out of the room. Alice would have followed her, but Mrs. Carlton touched her arm, and said—

"Let her alone, my dear. She is as wilful as she is unhappy. Let her go to the carriage, if she chooses. We will enjoy this fine water prospect."

When Kate reached the piazza, she met Mr. Morris, who, reading her misery in her features,

did not give her time to speak, but said in his most pleasant manner—

“Kate, I have just engaged a boat. Would you like a sail round the bay?”

“Above all things,” replied Kate, eagerly. She loved boating, and her uncle’s question put her disgust at the place aside for the moment by calling another class of feelings into activity.

Alice and Mrs. Carlton were called downstairs, and being both fond of excursions on the water, agreed to take a sail.

“Oh dear, I’ve lost my slipper in this horrid sand!” cried Kate, pausing on her way to the beach, and holding up her shoeless foot.

“That comes of not dressing in harmony with the occasion, my dear,” said Uncle Morris, stooping and drawing the lost slipper from the sand with his cane.\*

As Kate passed to her place in the boat, she chanced to step on the edge of a very small puddle which had been left amidships. The damp struck through her thin slipper in a mo-

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\* See Frontispiece.

ment. This slight mishap threw her into a new fit of fretting, and she cried—

“Oh! I’ve wet my foot dreadfully. I shall catch my death of cold.”

“Fiddlestrings! Well, don’t laugh, Mr. Morris,”—the old man’s merry eye rested on her,—“for I can’t help saying it, Miss Kate is so easily disturbed by trifles.”

“Kate, my dear,” said Mr. Morris, “there is a proverb which fits you as tightly as your slipper. It says that *she who sows thorns will never reap grapes*. I want you to study it all day, and see if you can discover what there is in it that fits your case.”

By this time the boat was beginning her career over the dancing waters of the bay. There was breeze enough to make it pleasant sailing, and the party enjoyed it finely, except Kate. She would have shared the joy of the hour but for her dress, which she was afraid would be spoiled. If a saucy wave threw a handful of spray over the boat, she cried, “Oh dear, my dress will be spoiled!” When the boat tacked, and the boom of the mainsail

swung round, she cried, "Oh, my best bonnet!" and when a cloud, which seemed sent on purpose to increase her griefs, sprinkled a baby shower upon the bay, she was thrown into a fit of fidgets. Without her, the others would have had nothing to mar their pleasure. With her, they were like persons moving through a pleasant path tangled with briars. She was the brier of the party.

When the sail was over, Kate refused to go into the tavern again. In spite of all they could say, she took her seat in the carriage, while the others partook of dinner. The fact that they ate a dinner without her was also counted as an offence against her dignity, for which she sulked all the way home, refusing to utter a word to either her uncle, aunt, or to Alice.

When Alice left the carriage, Uncle Morris kissed her, and smiling, whispered, "Good-by, my dear. You have learned to-day that *one ill weed mars a whole pot of pottage*."

"Exactly so," said Alice to herself, as she walked up the lawn. "Our party would have

been like a pot of nice broth, if Kate had not been with us to spoil our pleasure. She is an ill weed, indeed. I hope I shall never be like her."

"There is little hope of making Kate agreeable," remarked Mrs. Carlton to her brother that evening. "She torments herself, even, with our kindnesses."

"True, sister, true; but we must remember our Master's patience towards us, and the proverb which says, *Do good, and then do it again*. Let us persevere."



## CHAPTER III.

### KATE IN A PET.

THE next morning Kate was again found in her place at the breakfast-table. The discipline of the day or two previous had taught her that there was no appeal from the rule that said, You must be up at the breakfast-hour, or go hungry until dinner-time. Uncle Morris wished her "good morning" with a heartiness that touched her feelings, in spite of the vexation she felt at being obliged to rise so early; while his glance at Mrs. Carlton said, in the silent language of expression, "You see we have conquered her at one point; let us go on."

After breakfast and family worship, the air being mild and balmy, Kate drew a shawl over her shoulders, placed a straw hat on her head, and went to the door. Jessie's school not being

in session that day, she thought she would like to walk with her cousin. Running to the door, she said—

“Cousin Kate, are you going to take a walk?”

“Why should what I am going to do concern a little girl like you?” replied Kate, in a tone of voice which cut its way to poor Jessie’s heart. Dropping her head, and making a great effort to keep back the tears, she replied—

“It don’t; only I thought if you were going to walk, I would like to go with you.”

“I prefer walking alone, Miss Jessie,” rejoined Kate, as, with haughty steps, she left the door and took the path leading to the “glen.”

Uncle Morris, who was on his way from the dining-room to the hall, when Kate went to the door, had heard this brief conversation. As Jessie turned back, he met her. Sorrow and vexation were struggling together in her heart. Her good uncle read her feelings at a glance, and taking her by the hand, said—

“Never mind, my drooping lily. Kate could scarcely find more disagreeable company than her own. Maybe she will be more kind one of

these days. Let us conquer her by our kindness, if we can. And now, if my Jessie is not too proud to walk with an old man, she may go with me."

"O Uncle Morris, how could you say that!"

Jessie would have said more, but just then she saw by the somewhat comical smile which played round his face, that he was only joking. Then her face grew round again: she laughed heartily, and said—

"Wait a moment, Uncle, and I'll be ready."

"*Moment's gone,*" cried Mr. Morris, as Jessie began tripping up the stairway.

"I meant a *minute*," shouted Jessie, without stopping; and then her uncle heard her merry laugh ringing along the upper hall. His own quiet laugh showed how happy his successful effort to lift Jessie above the effect of Kate's contempt had made him.

While Uncle Morris and Jessie are taking their walk, we will follow Kate to the glen.

After the speech which she had shot back like a Parthian arrow at Jessie, she walked slowly down the lane leading to the glen.

"You didn't treat Jessie right," said the good voice in her heart.

"What business had she to intrude herself on me, I should like to know?" replied her pride.

"She is your cousin. Her parents are very kind to you. They give you a home, and the least you can do is to make yourself agreeable," rejoined the good voice.

"Ah, how I do hate being dependent upon my uncles and aunt. Why did my father fail in business? Why don't my mother take care of me?" reasoned her pride; and half pausing, she stamped the ground impatiently with her foot.

With such a conflict between the good and evil in her heart, she reached the glen, and seated herself in "Jessie's bower." A young grape-vine, just putting forth its buds, met her eye. It brought to her mind the proverb which Uncle Morris had said, the day before, fitted her as tightly as her slippers. She mused over it somewhat in the following style:

"*She who sows thorns will never reap grapes,* eh? What did he mean? Do I sow *thorns*?"

Here Kate placed her hand upon her brow, resting her elbow on the top of the bower-seat. New thoughts—grave, serious self-questionings, were astir within her. Her past life of indulged sloth at home, her father's failure, her mother's neglect since that event, her dependence on her uncles Carlton and Morris, her selfishness, her rudeness, and, finally, her ingratitude, passed before her like a troop of frowning spectres. It was the first hour of serious thoughtfulness in Kate's young life. Her heart grew soft at last, and big tears dropped one by one upon the bench.

"*Sow thorns!* Yes, I do sow thorns every day of my life. I am an ugly, cross, selfish creature. How pettish and miserable I was all day yesterday! I really believe I spoiled the pleasure of all the others, as well as my own. And what a fuss I made about getting up in season for breakfast. This morning, too, I almost broke that little Jessie's heart. She is a sweet little thing, after all. I wish I was half as good as she is. Well, I must try to do better. I must do something to show I'm thankful for

the home they give me here. If I don't, if I keep on sowing thorns, *I shall never reap grapes*, as that proverb said. I s'pose it means that I shall never be happy, or make anybody else happy, until I learn to do better. Oh dear me, I wish I had never been born! Oh! oh!"

These were, in the main, very good thoughts, except that last wish, which, I think, was very foolish. Kate did not get quite down to the root of her trouble. If she had, she would have found an evil heart lying there, out of which all her pride, envy, sloth, crossness, selfishness, and ingratitude flowed into her daily life. Will she ever dig as deep as that? We shall see.

Kate had been brooding over herself for an hour or more, when a voice humming a pleasant air fell on her ear. Looking up, she saw Alice Sherwood approaching the bower.

"Playing the part of fairy-queen, are you?" said Alice, as she came up. "Well, you have a lovely empire, I confess; for this little glen is almost a paradise, and the bower is good enough for any fairy-queen to call her state-chamber. But how are you this morning, Miss Carlton?"

The old feeling of pride began to steal over Kate's spirit while the lively Alice was speaking. She was about to repel her advances; but the new purpose to do better she had just formed, checked her, and she replied, in her friend's vein—

“I am well, fair maiden of the mist, and you are welcome to my court and to a seat upon my rustic throne.”

Alice gave Kate a hearty kiss. She was surprised at the warmth of her reception, which was so different from any thing she had either seen or heard of in Kate before. She sat down beside Kate, who, now that she had undertaken to be agreeable, was really a most lively and pleasant companion.

After spending some half an hour in such friendly chit-chat as young misses delight in, Alice told Kate the object of her morning call. Said she—

“My brother Walter has been telling me a good deal about an archery club that Uncle Morris started among the boys last summer. They are going to revive it, and, as Duncanville

is something of a dull place, I have been thinking that we girls might amuse ourselves and promote our health by becoming archers—or archeresses, which is it?—too. What do you think, Kate?”

“What! young ladies join in boys’ plays? The idea! Who ever heard of such a thing? You surprise me, Miss Sherwood,” said Kate, putting on her old proud look, and letting the old spirit of pride get the mastery over her better feelings.

“The thing is quite common among the young ladies in England, my dear Kate;—I mean among the upper classes, who regard it to be both a proper and a healthful amusement for their wives and daughters.”

“Indeed!” said Kate, greatly softened by being told that archery is practised by ladies of gentle blood and noble birth in the fatherland.

“Yes, that’s so,” rejoined Alice; “though I do not think that to be any argument, mind, to prove that archery is a proper amusement for girls. I only named it to show you that it is a girl’s game. That it is right, I have no doubt;



because it is a healthful, modest, and pretty sport."

"I think well of it, because it is a-ris-to-crat-ic," said Kate, using that peculiar drawl with which proud misses are in the habit of supporting their claims to high breeding.

"Fiddlestrings!—oh, I beg pardon. Uncle Morris don't like to hear me say fiddlestrings, you know. But really, Kate, I don't care the millionth part of a penny whether a thing is fashionable or not, if I'm sure it's right."

"But you wouldn't do a *vulgar* thing, would you?" asked Kate.

"If by *vulgar* you mean low or coarse, I answer, No; if you mean a thing that common people do, I say, Yes, if, as I said just now, I know it to be *right*. Don't common people blow their noses, walk, eat, drink, and sleep? I wonder proud people, who are so horribly afraid of being vulgar, as they call it, don't leave off sleeping and eating."

Kate fairly stared with wonder, while Alice was saying these common-sense words. Her only reply was—

"Alice, you are a very strange girl!"

"Perhaps *so*, perhaps *not so*," rejoined Alice. "But, to be or not to be, that's the question. Will you join the Robin Hood Archery Club?"

"Yes, if none but *genteel* young ladies and gentlemen are admitted," drawled Kate.

Alice laughed at Kate's desire to be genteel, and counting on her fingers, said—

"Well, Kate Carlton is one, Alice Sherwood, two—are they *genteel* enough?"

"You are a great *tease*, Alice. Go on," said Kate, slightly vexed at Alice's want of respect for the genteel.

Alice proceeded—"Bella Butler, three—will she do?"

"What, that fat squab, Norman Butler's sister?"

"Yes. She is a very nice girl, and her father's a lawyer; he used to be a judge, or something equally genteel. Will she do?"

"I s'pose she must be made to do, if her pa is a *lawyer*," said Kate; "that's a genteel business. But I do wish Bella looked a little more genteel."

"Perhaps she is more genteel than she looks," replied Alice, scarcely able to maintain a sober look. "We will count her number three. My sister Carrie is four, and your cousin Jessie is five. You won't object to them, will you?"

"What do you want such little creatures as they are for?" asked Kate. "They are no company for young ladies like us."

"My sister is always company for me," rejoined Alice; "and I want them because I know they will enjoy the sport, and that will help make us all happy, you know. What do you say to Nelly Briggs for number six?"

"What, the *barber's* daughter!"

"Yes, I believe her father does keep a barber's shop, and he is a very excellent man. I heard my father say one day that Mr. Briggs shaves well and lives well."

"Alice Sherwood, do you ~~think~~ I would make a *barber's* daughter *my* companion?"

"Why not, Kate?"

"The idea! How could you think of such a thing?"

"I see no reason to think any thing else.

Nelly is a nice girl, and her parents are pious, respectable people. Do you know any thing against her?"

"She is a *barber's* daughter! I won't associate with her. You may choose between us. If she joins, I ~~won't~~ won't."

Alice felt piqued. She knew Nelly Briggs to be every way superior to Kate, and allowing her anger to get the mastery a little, she said—

"I don't see why you should sneer at Nelly's father, Miss Kate. Your father was a broker once, and shaved people's *notes*; Mr. Briggs is a barber, and shaves their *faces*. What's the difference?"

This pointed and taunting speech upset all Kate's good resolutions, and brought back her old pride and ill-nature in full force. Rising from her seat, she looked at Alice with flashing eyes and frowning brow, as she said—

"You are an impudent, good-for-nothing minx. I'll never speak to you again!"

Before Alice could reply, Kate sailed out of the bower and walked homewards in high dudgeon, resolving most firmly to cut Alice and

everybody else in Duncanville, henceforth and forever.

"I have done wrong," said Alice to herself, as she sat watching Kate's retiring form. "I ought not to have taunted her about her father. But she did try me so I couldn't help it. I'll go and tell Uncle Morris about it."

Alice went in search of Uncle Morris, because it was he who had sent her to Kate with the proposal to unite the young ladies with the boys in reviving the Archery Club. He had seen that Kate was too much alone. Jessie was too young to be her companion. She needed the society of girls of her own age; and he had seen points in the character of Alice which he thought would give her influence for good over his niece. Hence he had called on her that morning, interested her in the plan of an archery club for ladies, on Kate's account, and sent her on her mission to the glen.

Alice found Mr. Morris in his study. He greeted her with his habitual smile, and said—

"Well, my dear, how have you succeeded?"

"Very badly, Mr. Morris," said Alice. "I

began well, but like my father's cow, which often gives a good pail of milk and then kicks it over, I spoiled it all through losing my temper; and now Kate will neither join the club nor speak to me again."

"Tut, tut," said Uncle Morris, "not quite so bad as that, I hope. But sit down and tell me all about it."

The story was soon told. Alice closed by asking; "And now, Mr. Morris, what shall I do next?"

"What does your *heart* tell you, my dear?" asked the old man, looking earnestly at Alice.

"It tells me to offer an apology to Kate for taunting her about her father's business."

"And you intend to do it?"

"I always do what I think I *ought* to do, Sir."

"That is nobly said," replied the old gentleman, looking admiringly on the faithful girl. "That *is* noble. Follow the voice in your heart, and Kate will be safe in your hands. I can trust you."

Alice thanked Uncle Morris for his good

opinion and went home, rightly judging that Kate would be more easily won after a few hours than while her anger was yet warm.

In the afternoon she sent Carrie to Kate with a sweet little note, which run thus—

DEAR KATE:—I spoke improperly to you of your pa this morning. I am very sorry, for I did not mean to grieve you. Won't you forgive me, and let me come in to see you this afternoon? Send word by Carrie, and be sure to say Come—to

Your friend, ALICE.

When Kate received this note she had ceased nursing her anger, and was beginning to blame herself for having spoken so severely to Alice. The note softened her wonderfully, and she said to Carrie—

“Tell Alice to come and see me whenever she pleases.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### ALMOST A FIGHT.

WHILE Alice was visiting Kate that afternoon, there was a gathering of boys in the "glen." Guy Carlton had called the old members of the "Robin Hood Archery Club" together. Uncle Morris had requested him to revive the Club, and to persuade the boys to admit a limited number of young ladies. Walter Sherwood, Richard Duncan, Norman Butler, Adolphus Harding, Harry Randall, Edgar Mackay, Donald Cameron, and Hugh, answered to their names, as Guy called over the list.

While Guy was calling the names, Adolphus lay stretched at full length on the table in Jessie's bower, with his cap on his face, to keep off the sun. Of the others, some were standing round the head of the table in a group, and



some sat lolling on the benches. Among the latter was Donald Cameron.

Donald had broken off the tip of a dead branch from a vine, and was twirling it idly about, when he noticed Adolphus. By poking the twig between two boys, he pushed it into the ear of that somewhat fiery lad.

"Don't!" said Adolphus, brushing his ear with his hand, without removing the cap from his face.

Donald withdrew the twig, and looked gravely towards Guy, who was replying to several questions about the Club. A minute later he poked the twig into his friend's ear again.

"Stop that, I tell you!" said Adolphus sharply, as he again brushed the twig away with his hand.

These sharp words made the boys turn round to see what was the matter. Donald had run the twig up his coat-sleeve, and was trying to look as unconscious as possible. Richard Duncan seeing nothing to disturb Adolphus, said—

"What are you grumbling about now, Dolph?"

"Somebody's been tickling my ear."

"Pooh! Is that all? That isn't worth making a fuss about," replied Richard, and then, turning about again, he resumed his talk with Guy and the other boys in the group.

Donald was bent on fun. So after a minute or two he once more poked his twig into Adolphus's ear. He meant, as before, to tickle him gently, but the boy sitting next him, seeing what he was doing, pushed his elbow, and forced the twig so sharply into the ear, as to give Adolphus a twinge of real pain.

"Thunder and lightning! What are you about?" roared he, leaping from the table.

"Hush! Adolphus, we don't allow swearing in this Club," said Guy.

"I didn't *swear*," replied Adolphus.

"You came pretty near it, though. Uncle Morris says such exclamations are first cousins to real oaths," rejoined Guy.

"I don't care if I did. I want to know who poked that stick into my ear. If I knew the coward, I'd thrash him," said Adolphus, looking fiercely round and still rubbing his ear.

This hard speech stirred up angry feelings in Donald's breast. He was stung by the word coward. So rising up, he looked Adolphus in the eye, and said—

“I put the twig in your ear, and yet I'm no coward. Call me that again, and I'll make you smart for it.”

“Take that, and that!” shouted Adolphus, striking two successive blows on Donald's chest, and causing him to fall against the side of the bower.

“A fight! a fight!” “Make a ring outside!” “Let them have a clear field and fair play!” were the cries which now rose from different lips, as a rush was made from the bower to an open space in the glen.

In a very few moments the two combatants were pulling off their jackets and getting ready for a regular battle. But before they were prepared, Guy, who had been hustled out of the bower in the general rush, stepped between the angry lads, and said—

“There can be no fighting here!”

“You had better get out of the way, or I'll





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thrash you," said Adolphus, as he finished rolling up his shirt-sleeves.

Guy did not move. Looking calmly round, he said—

"Boys, these are my father's lands. He would not allow you to fight here, if he were present, and in his name I beg you not to do it. Suppose Donald and Adolphus choose umpires—"

"Let umpires go to Bath! Get out of the way!" shouted Adolphus, cutting Guy's words off, and hitting him a blow on the forehead, which made him reel.

For a moment the noble lad's blood boiled within him. His eyes flashed fire. With clenched fists he rushed towards Adolphus, when suddenly his better nature spoke within him, and stopping short, he said—

"No, I won't strike you. Better suffer wrong than do wrong."

"Bravo!" cried Richard Duncan, who saw in Guy's forbearance an heroic adherence to the right in defiance of the impulse of passion.

"Hurrah for Guy!" responded Walter, who

felt that his friend was winning a victory over himself, which was far more glorious than any victory won by fisticuffs could be.

"He's afraid to fight," muttered Adolphus.

"I'm afraid to do *wrong*," replied Guy. Then turning to the other boys, he added—"You know I'm no coward, don't you, boys?"

"We do! we do!" cried two or three voices at once.

"Yes," said Norman Butler, "we remember how Guy stood it when Walter played ghost. We know his heart is as brave as a soldier's. We know he is right, too, in refusing to fight, and in trying to prevent a battle between Donald and Adolphus. I join him in saying there shall be no fighting in this beautiful glen."

Here Norman took his stand by Guy's side. Richard Duncan joined him, saying—

"I join him, too."

"So do I," said Walter, taking his place next to Richard.

"And I too," said Hugh.

"I'm sure I do," added Harry Randall.

By this time the anger of the two fighters

began to cool. They listened to Guy, put on their jackets, and finally agreed to leave the case to his decision. He heard their stories, and then said—

“Donald did not mean to hurt Adolphus,—only to play with him for a little fun. He did hurt him, however, because Ed Mackay pushed his elbow. I decree, therefore, that Ed shall apologize to Don and Dolph; that Don shall express his regret that Dolph was hurt; that Dolph shall make an apology to the Club for getting angry, and that we shall all forgive and forget the whole affair.”

The boys agreed to this decision, made up their quarrel, and were returning to their places in the bower, when Richard pulled off his cap, and smiling, said—

“Boys, I propose three cheers for Judge Carlton!”

This pleasant little joke tickled the boys, and they gave the cheers in voices which, as the poets say, “made the welkin ring.”

“Now, let us come to business,” said Guy, as the party gathered round him in the bower.

"You know our Archery Club last summer was a grand affair. We stopped meeting when the cold weather came on. But now it is Spring: I should like to revive it again. What say you?"

"I go in for that," said Norman; "and let all who think as I do, say *ay*!"

And *ay* it was, from every lip.

"The *ayes* have it, and no mistake," said Guy. "I'm glad, for I think we shall have a first-rate time. But what do you say to allowing the young ladies to join the Club?"

"The young *ladies*!" exclaimed several, opening their eyes very wide, and looking askance at each other.

"Yes, the young *ladies*," rejoined Guy. "Uncle Morris says young ladies in England and Scotland practise the noble sport of archery, and I don't see any good reason why they shouldn't do it in Duncanville."

"We shall have to mind our p's and q's, if we get the young ladies among us," said Norman.

"That's it, exactly," replied Richard. "That's just what I want. I'm so easy to forget my p's

and q's, that I shall be glad to have the girls among us, to put me in mind of them. What do you say, Dolph?"

Adolphus was not quite restored to good-humor. The voice in his heart had told him he owed a very humble apology to Guy. His pride kicked against that idea. Of course, with pride reigning, he could not feel very good-natured. Still, Richard's appeal to him for his opinion softened him somewhat, and he muttered—

"Do just as you're a mind to. I don't care. I'll stick to the Club, girls or no girls."

"But what girls do you propose to admit?" inquired Norman.

"Well," said Guy, "your sister, Bella, for one. By the way, boys, let us vote on her case now. Let all who will admit Bella Butler into our Club, say *ay*!"

All the boys voted *ay*; after which, Richard Duncan proposed Alice Sherwood, who was also promptly voted in. Jessie Carlton, Carrie Sherwood, Nelly Briggs, and two other young misses came next. Then Guy said—

"And now, boys, I propose my cousin, Kate Carlton."

"What, that proud piece of silk and velvet, who walks into church as if she was a queen?" said Donald.

"I don't think my sister will join if Lady Kate, as she calls her, does," observed Norman Butler.

"She is as proud as a peacock, and not half as handsome," said Adolphus. "I don't want to train in the company, if she joins it."

"She turns up her nose on us poor folks so, that I don't think she'll join if we elect her. Why, she always passes me as if she felt afraid I'd give her the measles, if she touched me," said Harry Randall.

"I think Harry's right," added Hugh. "There's no danger of our having my proud cousin in our Club. I don't believe she would speak to *me*, if she didn't live at our house."

"Hugh! what do you mean?" said Guy, frowning on his brother.

"I mean just what I say," retorted Hugh, in a tone which showed that his feelings towards

his cousin were not kind. "I don't care if she is my cousin, I don't like her one bit."

"Well," said Richard, "I don't much fancy Miss Kate, I confess, for she is about the proudest piece of walking dry-goods we have in Duncanville. I don't believe she has a friend in the village outside of Glen Morris Cottage—"

"Stop!" said Walter, "I heard my sister Alice say this very morning that she meant to try to like Kate Carlton."

"*Try* to like her! eh, Walter? Then even she don't like her yet, my boy," rejoined Richard, laughing, and giving Walter a playful punch on the arm. "However, for Guy's sake, I'll vote for her. I'll do most any thing to please my friend Guy."

"Thank you," said Guy, looking very gratefully on Richard. Then, addressing the boys, he added, "You would all oblige me by admitting Kate to our Club. I'll be surety to you for her good behavior."

"We'll take her just to please Guy," said Edgar Mackay. "Won't we, boys?"

A hearty *ay, ay*, settled that point. Various



minor questions were then agreed on, and then the boys went to playing base-ball.

Adolphus was unhappy all the afternoon, because he would not settle the struggle between pride and duty on the side of the latter. But when the game was over, and the party was going down the lane from the glen, he drew near to Guy, and whispered—

“Guy, I’m sorry I struck you.”

“All right, Dolph. It would take a harder blow than you gave me to-day to break my friendship for you. I knew you was excited, and that you struck me without thinking.”

“I did,” said Adolphus, wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his jacket; “but I’ll never strike you again.”

Guy put his arm round his friend’s waist, and they walked homewards, chatting about the Archery Club and other matters of equal interest to themselves. Guy’s very remarkable self-control and manly conduct had given him a hold on the wayward Adolphus which he had never had before.

That evening Guy sat in the study with

Uncle Morris, and told him the events of the afternoon; so far as they related to Kate's election. Of the part he took in preventing the fight, he modestly said nothing. When he had ended his story, the good old man looked sad as he remarked—

“Alas, poor Kate! she seems to be the object of everybody's dislike. Her great pride repels everybody. Her vanity makes everybody laugh. Well, we must do what we can to make her happy.”

“Does she really mean to join our Club, Uncle?” inquired Guy.

“I believe she does, my boy. Alice had hard work to gain her consent, but she did at last.”

“Do you think she loves Alice, Uncle?”

“As much, perhaps, as she loves anybody, excepting only one person.”

“Who is that, Uncle?”

“The person to whom she is most devotedly attached is the worst enemy she has in the world; and yet her love for that person is so deep and so powerful she cannot find room for any others in her heart.”

"Who *can* that person be, Uncle Morris?" asked Guy, very eager to know this favored object of his cousin's affection.

"She is no less a personage than Kate Carlton," said Mr. Morris, sighing and smiling at once.

"Herself, but—ah, Kate, walk in. Glad to see you here," said Guy, offering a seat to his cousin, who, at this moment walked into the study.

"I came in to learn something more about the persons who belong to this Archery Club which Alice teased me to join this afternoon," said she, in that affected drawl which was peculiar to her.

"You were elected a member," said Guy.

"Indeed! What right had they to suppose I would join it until they heard from me?" asked Kate, slightly indignant.

"I proposed you, coz," said Guy, "hoping you would join us, with the other young ladies of the village. You will, won't you?"

"Maybe I will, if you keep vulgar young ladies out of it," replied Kate. Guy and Uncle

Morris gave her strong assurances that none but respectable youths would be permitted to belong to the Club. After a long talk she retired to her chamber, feeling that she had done the Club a great favor by consenting to belong to it. Had the poor girl known how much she owed to Guy for her membership, and how strongly she was disliked by all who knew or had heard of her in Duncanville, she would have looked less self-complacent than she did that night when she sat before the glass to prepare her hair for the pillow. But then, you know, pride and vanity are blind, and Kate had never yet seen herself as others saw her.

## CHAPTER V.

### MRS. FLUM'S BONNET SHOP.

WHILE, owing to several days of wet Spring weather, the revival of the Archery Club was only a topic of discussion, things moved on in their usual quiet course at Glen Morris, and in our little Duncanville circle generally. Kate and Alice had many talks about a suitable costume for the lady members of the Club. Kate wanted something gay and costly; Alice wished that a simple Zouave jacket, of any color or material the owner might prefer, and a straw flat, with a moderate brim and a single black feather, might be chosen.

"It is not to show off, you know, Kate, but to enjoy innocent amusement, that we are going to have this Club," said Alice one morning, as she rose to leave, after a long chat in Kate's

chamber. "Why, then, should we waste money on costly dresses?"

"I like elegance, you know, Miss Sherwood," drawled Kate, with a toss of the head, which was given, as I suppose, to show her friend how much she liked elegance.

Alice laughed a little quiet laugh and proceeded to put on her bonnet, saying nothing.

"What a love of a bonnet!" exclaimed Kate, looking at Alice very earnestly. "What a lovely shade of blue! Where did you get it?"

"I made it myself," replied Alice, pleased to think that a hat made by her own fingers was admired by so tasteful a young lady.

"Made it *yourself*!" cried Kate, with a little sneer; "I was not aware before that you are a *milliner*, Miss Sherwood."

"Wasn't you? Why, I've been my own milliner these two years," said Alice. "Don't you think I'm quite an expert?"

"But you don't mean to say you've ever been a milliner's *apprentice*, Alice?" asked Kate, with a tone and manner which very plainly hinted that she shrank from the bare

idea of having a milliner's apprentice for her associate.

"No; but I almost wish sometimes that I had spent a month or two with a good milliner," replied Alice, not seeming to notice Kate's manner.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't if you are to be my friend," said Kate, with an air of great self-importance; "for I don't think I could associate with a girl who had learned a trade."

Alice's merry laugh rang out like the tone of a silver bell when she heard this silly speech, and she replied—

"What's the difference whether you teach yourself or are taught by another? Besides, being taught by a milliner couldn't make me a milliner, any more than the fact of your having been taught music and drawing by a person skilled in those arts makes you a teacher of music or drawing. But if it did, what matter? A lady is none the worse for being a milliner. Indeed, I would rather be a milliner, earning my own living, than an idle woman, resting

like a heavy burden on the industry of my friends."

"Oh la! Alice, I do wish you were more aristocratic in your notions," replied Kate, with an air which she meant to be very languishing.

"Fiddlestrings! But I must be going. Good-by."

Alice glided out of Kate's chamber and ran down-stairs laughing. She was greatly amused with Kate, but not in the least inclined to yield to her influence. She had too much common sense.

"Oh! oh!" sighed Kate; "I wish I was back in New York again, among folks that *are* folks; that Alice Sherwood is as stupid as a milliner's block—ah, that reminds me of her pretty bonnet. I must have one of the same shade of blue. It is a charming color. I'll go right down to Mrs. Flum's and see if she has it."

Nothing acted on Kate's laziness like dress. The prospect of a new bonnet, cloak, shawl, or gown, seemed to wake up all her powers and make her as busy as a working-bee for a little



while. Hence she jumped up from her rocking-chair, dressed, and started on her errand in a few minutes.

She sailed down the village street with measured steps and an air of great dignity, attracting, as usual, the attention of all she met. It pleased her to be the "observed of all observers." True, she would have preferred being gazed at by lads in fine broadcloth; but rustic eyes were better than none, she thought. Admiration was the incense that charmed her; and supposing that those who stared at her as she passed, and then turned round to follow her with their eyes, really admired her, she was pleased, and said in her heart—"No wonder they stare at me so, I am the most dignified and fashionable girl in Duncanville."

Poor Kate's vanity was badly wounded, however, when, just before reaching Mrs. Flum's, she was met by idle Jem Townsend and his crew. These lads were the roughs of the village. When they came near Kate, Jem gave a knowing wink to his companions, and said—

"Stand aside, boys. Let the grand lady pass!"

"Let the grand lady get out of my way! I'm just as good as she is," said Will White, blundering right on, and forcing Kate to take the outside of the walk.

"Ain't she a regular swell?" said Jem Townsend.

"Proud as General Brown's horse," rejoined Will.

Just then a farmer with stout boots trod on Kate's far-spreading dress, and stopped her with a jerk which almost pulled her backwards. Turning half round, she shot the poor man with a fierce glance of her angry eye.

"Beg pardon, Ma'am," said the farmer, blushing for his fault, and driving past her, as if anxious to escape some outburst of her wrath.

Idle Jem and his whole crew set up a loud laugh at this scene, for it was of less frequent occurrence in Duncanville than it is on Broadway, and one of them shouted—

"Sarved the grand lady right! She's no business to wear sich long gowns."

Kate was vexed as these and similar rude

remarks were cast at her by those idle and wicked boys. Her pleasure was all gone, and she hurried along in no very delightful mood, glad, at length, to escape further notice within Mrs. Flum's friendly shop. Had she been a sensible girl, she would have learned from this affair that a young lady may attract notice without winning admiration.

Kate was too vain, however, to learn this lesson easily. Like all vain persons, she fancied that her faults were virtues; that it was the duty of others to admire her; and that, if they failed to do so, they were either rude, or vulgar, or stupid.

Mrs. Flum received Kate with very polite words. She was very glad to see her. She had a rich blue silk of precisely the same shade as Miss Sherwood's. "It would become Miss Kate, exactly. She would look charmingly in it." For "eight dollars," she would make her the "most elegant hat that would be worn in Duncanville this season."

"Well," said Kate, after listening to these and many other flattering words from Mrs.

Flum, "I think I will let you make me the bonnet."

Just at that moment, however, she remembered that the little sum of money she had brought with her to Duncanville was almost gone. Like many other misses of her age, she had more vanity than cash. She was in doubt about her Aunt Carlton's willingness to pay so high a price for her Spring hat. Unwilling to confess this to Mrs. Flum, she said—

"On second thought, Mrs. Flum, I think I will consult my aunt's taste before I let you make it up."

"As you please, Miss," rejoined the milliner a little stiffly; "but you had better decide soon. I have only silk enough of this shade to make one more hat, and I'm sure there isn't another piece of it to be had anywhere in New York."

This was a big fib, and Mrs. Flum knew it. She told it because she wanted Kate's order then; for, knowing Mrs. Carlton to be a very plain lady, she doubted if she would allow her niece to buy so costly a hat. Had she been a truly honest milliner, she would, with these

views, have advised Kate to consult her aunt. But Mrs. Flum was none too honest. She did not care how Mrs. Carlton would feel, provided she could sell Kate a high-priced bonnet, and get her pay for it. Young ladies should be careful how they accept advice about bonnets from Mrs. Flum, the milliner.

Kate was thrown into a quandary by this fib. "I would like the bonnet," she thought, "but I ought to ask my aunt about it first. Yet, if I wait to do that, somebody may come in before I get back and take it." Then a new idea struck her. Turning to the milliner, she said—

"Mrs. Flum, will you keep that piece of silk while I go back and consult my aunt?"

"Couldn't do it, Miss Carlton. If any other lady comes in while you are gone, and fancies it, I must let it go. If you fancy it, you had better take it while you can make sure of it."

"Well, I'll take it," replied Kate, in spite of the voice in her heart which kept saying, "Kate, you ought to consult your aunt first."

Kate went home feeling very uneasy. On looking into her slender purse, she found but

three dollars in it—the last of a roll of bills given her by her father just before his misconduct was discovered. Having a large stock of clothing when she came to Glen Morris, and her uncle's family not being in the habit of dressing finely, she had not felt much need of money. Yet, little by little, for gloves, mitts, collars, oils, extracts, and other costly trifles which vain misses think they cannot do without, she had spent all but one lonely bill, with a modest 3 on its corners.

“What shall I do?” said Kate, half aloud, as she threw herself back in her rocking-chair, and yawned.

Kate had always been given to sly and cunning ways. You will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that, after long musing, she answered her question by saying—

“I will talk to my aunt about a new bonnet, and when she consents to buy me one, I'll tell her I've got one making. She may make a little fuss about the price, but I don't mind that, if I get the bonnet.”

Having made up her mind to follow this

crooked course, Kate said nothing about the hat until the middle of the afternoon. Then, taking her crochet-work, she joined her aunt in the sitting-room.

“Oh, how it rains!” exclaimed Jessie, turning away from the window-seat just as Kate sat down. Seeing her cousin, she added—“Oh, Kate, how glad I am to see you in here this wet afternoon! Won’t you sing for me a little?”

“Certainly I will, coz. What shall I sing?”

“Any thing you please, Kate. I like the May Queen best. You sing that so nicely, you know.”

Jessie did not mean to flatter her cousin. She meant what she said. But Kate loved praise, and so Jessie’s remark, and her own desire to be agreeable to her aunt, that she might get the blue bonnet, led her to do her very best to please. She sang the May Queen; she played several grand marches on the piano; she laughed and chatted with Jessie, until that sweet little miss became so joyous that she leaned on Kate’s shoulder, threw an arm round her waist, kissed her fondly, and said—

"What a dear, nice, sweet cousin you are!"

Mrs. Carlton was as much surprised as Jessie, to see this pleasant side of Kate's character. It was new to her. Kate had never made herself so agreeable before. While she was wondering what it meant, and hoping it would last, Kate left the piano, and seating herself upon an ottoman near her aunt's feet, looked pleadingly into her face, and said—

"Aunt, may I have a new bonnet this Spring?"

"If you need one you may, my dear."

"Thank you, aunt. I do need one very much, and I have a fancy for a blue-silk one, like Alice Sherwood's. Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes, it's very pretty. But do you *really* need a new hat, my dear? Why not put some new trimming on that pretty straw you wore last fall?"

"Because I don't want to, Aunt. I want a blue-silk."

"Suppose you run and get me your straw, and let me see how it looks, Kate."

"It wouldn't be any use, Aunt, because I don't mean to wear it any more," said Kate,



growing somewhat sharp in speech, and beginning to lose her pleasant temper.

"Indeed! But what are you going to do with it?" said Mrs. Carlton, looking earnestly into Kate's eyes.

"Do with it? Why, just what I always do with my old bonnets—give it away."

"My dear Kate, I'm sorry I cannot agree with you. Your straw was new last fall. It is little worn. With some slight change in the trimming, which I can make for you, it will do nicely for this Spring. Besides, you know, the season is late, and in a few weeks you will put on your summer things. It would be wasting money to buy you a new bonnet at present."

Kate saw from her aunt's quiet but firm manner, that she was not likely to change her mind. Persuasion was useless. Indeed, how could she persuade? Her aunt had put the case so clearly, that Kate had no reasons to offer. But, bent on carrying her point, she flew into a violent passion.

"The idea!" she cried. "Do you think I would wear an *old bonnet*? Other girls have new Spring hats, and so will I."

"It is my opinion that you will *not*, my dear. You must allow me and your Uncle Morris, who pays for your clothing, to judge for you in such matters, now that you have become to us like one of our own family."

"I am not one of your family, Madam, and I'm glad I am not," said Kate, spitefully. "And what is more, I tell you that I'm going to have a new hat this Spring, and Mrs. Flum is making it for me—ah, ah!"

Having uttered these bold, wicked words, Kate left the room, slammed the door behind her, ran up-stairs, threw herself into her rocking-chair, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

"What a wicked cousin she is!" exclaimed Jessie, after Kate had left the room.

Before her mother could reply, Uncle Morris, who had heard Kate's voice of passion in his study, pushed aside the folding-doors, and said—

"What is the matter with our Kate, sister? I thought I heard her speaking very loud just now."

"Sit down, brother, and I will tell you," re-

plied Mrs. Carlton, sighing over her niece's misconduct.

After his sister had told him the story of Kate's burst of passion, the good man bowed his head, and looked grave and thoughtful for some time. At last he took a pencil, wrote some words on a slip of paper, and said—

"Mrs. Carlton, I will go down to Mrs. Flum's and forbid her to make Kate a bonnet. That girl must be check-reined, and held back with a strong hand." Then turning to Jessie, he gave her the slip of paper on which he had written the moment before, and said—

"Jessie, read that!"

Jessie took the paper, and read from it this proverb—

"INGRATITUDE *is the daughter of Pride and Vanity.*"

"Exactly so," said the good old man. "Go, my dear, and give that paper to your cousin."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RAT IN THE STATUE.

JESSIE rapped at the door of Kate's room with a gentle, timid knock, but received no answer. After waiting a few moments, she knocked again, but louder than before, when Kate, in a sharp voice, asked—

“Who is it?”

“It is I,” was Jessie's answer.

“What do you want?” replied Kate, roughly.

“I want to see you, Kate. I have something for you.”

“Come in!” said Kate, allowing her curiosity to get the better of her temper for a moment.

Jessie opened the door, went to Kate's side, and gave her the slip of paper. She glanced at it, crumpled it, threw it on the floor, and said—

"What impertinence to send *me* such a note as that!"

Jessie looked the surprise she felt at hearing such words applied to her good uncle and his proverb. Kate understood the meaning of her looks, and, stung by the silent rebuke they uttered, said, in her harshest tones—

"You will please leave my room, Miss Jessie. I don't wish to be disturbed."

Poor sensitive little Jessie could ill endure such harshness. She left the room, and returned weeping to the parlor. Her uncle was just starting to see Mrs. Flum about the bonnet when she entered. He patted her head, and said—

"My little puss crying, eh? What's the matter?"

Jessie gave a brief account of her reception up-stairs. Uncle Morris shook his head, and said—

"There's a rat in the statue. There's a rat in the statue. We must get him out, if we can." Here Jessie gave her good uncle a glance which said, "How funny! What does that mean?"

He understood her thoughts, and while buttoning up his coat, added, "You don't know what that means, eh? Well, I'll tell you when I come back. I can't stop now."

Jessie's thoughts were turned from Kate to her uncle's remark. "There's a rat in the statue," she repeated. "A—rat—in—the—statue. How queer! What can Uncle Morris mean, mother?"

"Be patient until he comes back, my dear, and he'll tell you," said Mrs. Carlton, smiling at her brother's skill in drying up her daughter's tears by appealing to her curiosity.

Just then footsteps were heard in the hall. The parlor-door opened, and Guy and Hugh came bounding in, wearing very radiant faces.

"What do you think, Jessie?" said Guy, patting his sister's glossy hair, as he fixed his merry eyes upon hers.

"I think you are a dear, good brother, and that you are very happy this afternoon," replied Jessie, putting her lips into a suitable shape to be kissed.

Guy kissed her fondly, and replied, "Thank

you for your compliment, my little fairy flatterer; but I bring you some good news. What do you think it is?"

Jessie tried in vain to read the good news by gazing into Guy's eyes. But she could see nothing in them beyond the light of a happy heart. Then she turned her eyes upon the floor, while she thought a moment or two. Unable to guess what Guy's good news could be, she looked up at last, and said—

"I give it up. Please tell me, Guy?"

"Don't tell her. Make her guess it," said Hugh, who never let slip an opportunity to tease his sister.

"You *will* tell me. I know you will," rejoined Jessie, giving Guy another kiss.

Guy never teased his sister enough to give her pain. He loved her too well for that. He had tried to excite her expectations by his question, because he wished to increase the delight he knew his "news" would afford her. So, coming to the point at once, he now said—

"Mr. Sherwood is getting up a party to go fishing in — Bay, and you are invited."

"Ain't that nice! I'm so glad!" Here Jessie clapped her hands, and slipping to her mother's side, added, "You will go, won't you, ma?"

"I don't know that I am included in the invitation, my dear," replied Mrs. Carlton, smiling at her child's earnestness.

"Oh, I forgot," said she. "How is that, Guy? Is ma invited?"

"Yes."

"And pa and Uncle Morris?"

"Yes."

"And Kate, too?"

"Yes; all our family."

"I'm glad; but who else are invited?"

"The Duncans and the Butlers. Just four families," said Guy; "and if they all go, our party will number about eighteen. Mr. Sherwood has hired Mr. Goodwhip's big four-horse omnibus, which will carry us all."

"That will be *splendid*!" said Jessie. "But when is it to be, Guy?"

"Next Monday, if it's a fine day. If not, the first fine day afterwards."



"Capital! You'll go, won't you, ma?" asked Jessie, looking most witchingly into her mother's face.

"Yes, my child, if your father can leave his business."

"I guess he can do that for once," said Jessie. "He loves to go fishing, I know." Jessie then went to Guy's side, and added, "Won't we have a grand time, Guy?"

"I suspect we shall, Miss Rattler;—but where is Kate? I have a note for her."

"Kate! Oh, Kate has the sulks again," said Jessie, sobering down a little.

"The sulks, eh? What's the matter now?"

"Oh, something about a new bonnet."

"A fuss about dress, eh? Kate is always in trouble about dress. Never mind. Give her this note, Jessie," said Guy, as he handed a note in an embossed envelope to his sister.

Jessie tripped up-stairs with the note, and found Kate still sulking in her rocker. Holding the note towards her, she said—

"Here is a note, inviting you to a party, Kate."

"How do you know what my note is about?" said Kate, in a snappish tone. Then snapping it from Jessie's fingers, she added, "What right have you to read my correspondence, Miss?"

Poor Jessie felt snubbed. Kate's words and spirit were, to her heart, like the coming of a cold east wind, obscuring the brightness of a gay Spring morning with its train of cheerless fogs and mists. She replied—

"I have not looked at your note, Kate. Guy told me that it was an invitation from Alice to her father's party. We are all invited."

"We are, are we?" rejoined the unhappy girl, with a sneer. "You may tell Alice, and everybody else, that I shall not go. I've done with society in this miserable, stingy Duncanville hole."

What reply *could* Jessie make to this bitter, silly speech? She might, to be sure, have quarrelled with her cousin in defence of the good people of Duncanville; but she was not given to quarrels, and so she quietly left Kate to her own thoughts. Could she have left her with worse or more annoying companions?

The tea-bell rung just as Uncle Morris returned from his call on Mrs. Flum, so that Jessie had no chance to ask him about the rat in the statue till tea was over. Kate did not appear at the tea-table; but sent word by the servant, who tapped at her door, and asked if she had heard the bell, that she did not wish any tea.

"Very well," observed Uncle Morris, when her message was reported, "let her alone. She'll find wounded pride and sulking vanity very poor diet."

"Now, Uncle Morris, I want you to tell me what you meant by saying there's a rat in the statue."

This was Jessie's request to her uncle, directly after the family was seated in the parlor in the evening. The good old man patted her rosy cheek, smiled, and replied—

"The people of a village in China once erected a hollow wooden statue, in honor of some dead saint or mandarin, and set it up in the public square. It was richly painted, and its builders were very proud of it.

"One day, a rat, having no respect for the dead or the living, gnawed a hole through the figure, and finding plenty of room for house-keeping inside, resolved, in the spirit of a 'squatter,' to take possession and make it his home.

" 'What shall we do about it?' said the villagers, looking very much puzzled at each other, as soon as they found that Mr. Rat had become the tenant of their famous statue.

" 'You can do nothing,' said a grave old mandarin, with a wise look. 'If you use *fire* to kill the rat, you will burn the statue. If you try to drown him, by dipping the image in *water*, you will wash off the paint and spoil its beauty. Hence, if you would preserve the *statue*, you must spare the *rat*.'

" 'He speaketh the words of a wise man,' cried all the people, as they went to their homes, leaving the rat in quiet possession of his beautiful mansion.

"This suited Mr. Rat exactly. Finding himself undisturbed, he brought Mrs. Rat and all their little Rats to his new abode. He lived

there like a patriarch until the image swarmed with his children and their children's children. These rats built nests and gnawed holes in every part of the statue, until it became a den of filth inside, and a thing of hideous aspect without.

"Now, when I see a young lady, like your cousin, nursing pride or vanity in her heart, I always think of this story, and say to myself, There's a rat in the statue. Kate's heart is swarming with rats already. Pride and vanity have given birth to discontent, ingratitude, ill-temper, impertinence, envy, and I don't know how many more evils, which are spoiling her soul, and which will bring it to a worse ruin than that of the statue, if they are not driven out. Now, does my sweet puss know what I meant by saying there's a rat in the statue?"

"Yes, I see now, Uncle Morris," said Jessie, with a grave look. "But," she added, after a brief pause, during which a tear or two spread over her beautiful eyes, "is there no way to get the rats out of Kate's heart?"

"If she wished to get rid of them there would

be no doubt about it, my child, because the great God helps those who seek to dispel evil from their souls. But poor Kate cherishes her bad dispositions. She loves her own tormentors; and until she grows wiser, and hates them, there is little chance of getting rid of them. But we will see—we will see, Jessie, what can be done.”

“Wonder if I’ve got a rat in the statue,” said Hugh to Guy, in a low voice, as he nudged his side.

Uncle Morris’s quick ear caught the question, and turning to Hugh he said—

“Yes, my dear boy, you have, and more than one, I fear. Idleness, Selfishness, and an Easy Conscience, are among the rats in your statue. I wish you were as anxious to be rid of them as you ought to be.”

Hugh twisted about in his chair, coughed, laughed, and said—

“I don’t think I’m a very bad boy after all; but here’s Jessie, has she got a rat in the statue?”

“Jessie had little Impulse there once, and

Vanity almost rested there, too; but Jessie makes vigorous war on her faults. I wish you did as much, Master Hugh."

"Excuse me, Uncle, I've got a composition to write to-night," rejoined Hugh, rising and leaving the room with a blush on his cheeks.

"I guess Hugh knows now, Uncle, what you meant by a rat in the statue," said Jessie, as Hugh closed the door after him.

The conversation next turned to Mr. Sherwood's party. Mr. Carlton agreed to go; and very much to Jessie's satisfaction, Guy was deputed to convey their acceptance to Mr. Sherwood the next morning, on his way to school.

Kate did not show herself again that evening, but sat brooding over her fancied troubles until, weary of herself, she retired to seek the restless sleep of an unhappy mind.

The next morning she appeared at the breakfast-table with a pale, stern face, and the air of an offended princess. Her answers to inquiries about her health were brief and curt. After eating her food hastily, she coldly asked to be excused, and sailing proudly from the room

hurried up-stairs. Taking down her writing materials, she wrote a long, dolorous letter to her mother, from which I extract only a few lines.

.... "Can't you send me some money, dear mamma? I want a new Spring bonnet—can't go out, indeed, without one. My aunt is an old dowdy, and thinks I ought not to have a new one. *You* wouldn't say so, I know, if you were here. Well, I've ordered one made, and don't believe Aunt will pay for it. I want you to send me ten dollars directly, so that I may be able to look decent when I go out. This is a wretched place to live in. Can't you send for me to live with you?"

This, and much more of the language of complaint, filled the sheet on which her letter was written. Having sealed it, she dressed and walked to the post-office. The letter mailed, she called at Mrs. Flum's store, and with a patronising smile asked—

"When will my bonnet be done, Mrs. Flum?"

"It will not be done at all, Miss," was the short reply of the milliner, as she went on with



her sewing, without paying Kate any more attention than she would have done to one of her own sewing girls.

"Not done at all!" repeated Kate. "Pray, what do you mean, Madam?"

"I mean just what I said. Your uncle has forbidden me to make it."

"Which uncle, Madam?"

"Mr. Morris. He says you are to have nothing without your aunt's order."

"The idea! I never heard of such impertinence in my life. But I will have the bonnet in spite of him."

"Not from me, Miss."

"I can pay you for it myself. I have written to my ma for the money."

"Don't care about that. I can't afford to please you at the price of offending your uncles and aunt. They are nice people—very nice people, Miss Carlton—and you had better take their advice and obey their wishes. They are your *guardians*."

"The i-de-a!" muttered Kate, as she bounced from the shop, almost bursting with rage. "I

do hate that stingy old Uncle Morris. Oh how I wish I was home again or—dead !”

Thus did Kate wickedly vent her anger in passionate mutterings, as with veiled face she retraced her steps to Glen Morris. As she entered the door, Jessie met her and said—

“Kate, Alice is in the parlor and wants to see you.”

“I don’t wish to see her nor anybody else in Duncanville,” replied the silly girl, brushing past her cousin and running up-stairs. She locked her door as she entered her room, and throwing herself on the bed, buried her face in the pillow, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

What had Kate to weep about? She had one of the best of homes, the kindest and most loving of guardians, a few very pleasant companions, plenty of clothing, and an ample supply for every real want. Why, then, did Kate weep? Simply because she chose to listen to the evil voices in her nature. They taught her to call her *good* evil, and her *evil* good. Do you wonder she was miserable?

## CHAPTER VII.

### CUTTING THE NOSE TO SPITE THE FACE.

"I WISH I knew what would make Kate pleasant," said Alice to her mother, the Saturday afternoon preceding the Monday fixed on for the excursion. "I have been to see her three times, and have written her two notes, but she won't either see me or answer my notes. I'm afraid she don't mean to go with us on our fishing excursion. What *can* be done to please her?"

"Is she angry with you, my dear, for any thing you have said or done to her?" inquired Mrs. Sherwood.

"Angry with me! Why she is angry with everybody. Jessie says she has scarcely spoken to any one for several days. She does nothing but sit and sulk in her room, and it's all because

her aunt won't buy her a new silk bonnet this Spring."

"Then the best thing you can do is to let her alone until she feels good-natured again. Sulkiness is like the toothache—it will hang on until the mood changes, do what you will."

"But I feel bad to have Kate act so, mother. I do want to have her for a companion and friend so much. Besides, I hate to see her so unhappy."

"It is painful indeed, Alice, to see a young lady like Kate take so much pains to make herself miserable as she does. You must pity her, and do what you can to teach her better things. As her good Uncle Morris sometimes says, You must *do good, and then do it again*. But until her present fit of sulks ends, I doubt if you can benefit her by going near her again."

Thus did Kate's ill-temper cast a shadow over the household which sheltered her, and also over the heart of the cheerful, good-natured Alice, who, inasmuch as she was her neighbor, and of the same age, so much wished to have her for a friend. What did Kate care for this?

Nothing. Her proud heart had never yet taught her, that it was her duty to seek the happiness of others. She fancied that all the world owed her service, and her highest ambition was to command admiration by displays of dignity and fine clothing. Alas, poor Kate! Her success, thus far, had been very small; she had won nothing but dislike and contempt. The poorest, plainest girl in Duncanville commanded more good-will than the proud and vain Kate Carlton. Did the reader ever know a proud girl to be beloved or a vain one to be admired? Francis Forrester, Esq., has not, although he has seen many days and known many people. The fact is, pride always causes aversion—vanity always provokes contempt.

Alice took her mother's advice and left Kate to her own thoughts. The morning appointed for the excursion dawned clear, sunny, and beautiful. It brought joyous hope to the Butlers, the Duncans, the Sherwoods, the Carltons. All the members of the party were happy—except Kate.

“Are you going with us to the Bay, my

dear?" said Mrs. Carlton to her as they sat at the breakfast-table.

"No, Madam!" replied Kate, sharply, and shooting an angry glance at her aunt.

"I'm very sorry, my dear. I think you would enjoy the excursion. The day promises to be very pleasant. I wish you would go, dear Kate."

This was said with so much real tenderness of tone and feeling that Kate's better nature was touched, and she began wishing in her heart that she was going. Pride kept down that better feeling, however. She bit her lips and ate her food in stubborn silence.

"Yes, do go with us," said Jessie, leaning from her chair and looking lovingly into her cousin's eyes.

Kate pushed her back, and said, "Don't bother me," in a tone that brought tears to Jessie's eyes.

Just then a gentle tap was heard at the door of the breakfast-room.

"Come in," said Mrs. Carlton.

The door opened, and the shining face of

Walter Sherwood appeared, and was welcomed by many "Good-mornings" from the family.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Carlton," said Walter, "for troubling you at breakfast-time, but Alice sent me to give her love to Kate, and to tell her she must be sure to go with us to the Bay."

Kate's better nature was touched again by this kind message. Her heart swelled with desire to throw off the clouds of ill-humor which had befogged it for the last few days, and to join the party. But again her pride triumphed, whispering, "They will all laugh at you if you give in;" and driving her good feeling back, she looked towards Walter, and said in a peremptory tone—

"Tell your sister I'm not going."

"Oh, very well. Good-morning, Miss—Consequence," said Walter. The last word, however, was not spoken until the lively boy had withdrawn into the hall, and then only in a whisper, for his own particular satisfaction.

"Here is something for you to think upon

while we are gone, Kate," said Uncle Morris, giving Kate a scrap of paper, as she rose after family prayers to go to her own room.

She took the offered paper, and, as soon as the door was closed behind her, crumpled it in her hand. When she reached her chamber, she threw it on her table unread.

Kate's heart was now almost ready to burst with regret for having said she wouldn't go with the party. Seated in her chair, she began to think, and to blame herself.

"I'm a fool," said she, at length, "for cutting off my nose to spite my face. Suppose I can't get a new hat, I might as well enjoy this trip to-day."

"Why don't you go, then?" inquired her better judgment.

"Because it will look like knuckling under to them," replied her pride; "and I'll die before I'll do that—that I will."

I doubt if Kate would have made a good martyr, after all. Pride is a poor comforter when one has to die. In fact, it couldn't comfort poor Kate, under the loss of an excursion;



and, in spite of her big talk, the wretched girl burst into bitter tears.

From this fit of weeping she was aroused by a loud and gladsome shout. Going to her window, she raised the shade a little, and peeping out, saw the big, four-horse omnibus drawn up in front of the lawn. It was nearly filled inside. Seated on the "box" were Walter Sherwood and Norman Butler, beckoning to Guy and Hugh, and shouting—

"Come up here, Guy! Come up here, Hugh! There's plenty of room."

On the top of the "bus," with his feet dangling down over the door, sat Richard Duncan, holding a national flag in his hands, and shouting—

"Guy, come up here, and help me to take care of this flag!"

Guy scrambled up alongside of Richard. Hugh climbed on to the driver's box. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, Jessie, and Uncle Morris, stepped inside, amid many cheerful greetings. The coachman shouted, "All aboard!" pulled in the strap, gathered up his reins, cracked the

whip, and the joyous party rolled off, with many a merry hurrah from the boys.

"And I'm left all alone. I say it's cruel, downright cruel of them, to leave me here all day without a soul in the house to speak to, except the servants."

Such was Kate's remark as she stepped from the window back to her chair.

"It's all your own fault," suggested her better judgment.

Then followed a conflict in the girl's breast between her common sense and her conscience on the one side, and her pride and vanity on the other. Sometimes the former and sometimes the latter got the upper-hand. Before either had gained a decisive victory her thoughts received a new direction, from an event which then occurred. A tap at the door roused her.

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Miss."

"Come in, Mary."

The servant handed Kate a letter, and retired.

"Ah, a letter from my mother," mused Kate,

as she glanced at the direction and tore open the envelope.

The letter was very brief, and gave Kate no comfort. It run thus:

LANCEWOOD, *April 20, 185-*.

MY DEAR KATE,—

I'm sorry you can't persuade your aunt to buy you a new bonnet. But there is no help for it, and you must submit with the best grace you can. I haven't a dollar to spare, and you mustn't look to me for money. After your father's misfortunes, your uncles Carlton and Morris agreed to bring you up at their own expense, and you must look to them for supplies. My health is wretched. Good-by.

Your affectionate mother,

CATHERINE CARLTON.

"How heartless!" said Kate, crushing the letter in her hand and bursting into tears.

Yes, it was heartless indeed. Not because it refused Kate money, but because of the absence of all motherly feeling and interest. The fact was, Kate's mother had led a fashionable life,

and sought her happiness so long in going to balls, parties, operas, and other places of worldly resort, that she had plucked all wifely and motherly love from her nature. She was really a frivolous woman, having a heart overgrown with the weeds and briars of sloth, peevishness, vanity, and selfishness. Before her coming to Glen Morris, Kate had been growing into the very image of her mother. Whether that image was lovely or not, she had never thought until now. This letter, however, let a little light into her mind, and awakened thoughts she had never indulged before, and which no mother's conduct ought ever to awaken in a daughter's breast. Poor Kate! Having been brought up by such a mother, ought she not to command our pity as well as our censure?

"Well," said she, after a long fit of musing, "if I can't have a new bonnet, I can't, and that's all there is to be said about it. I must now do the next best thing, and fix up my fall hat a little."

Acting on this sensible resolution, Kate got out her old bonnets, and putting the "fall" one

on, stood before the glass. This act roused her vanity. She tried on all her bonnets; she tried on dress after dress; she spent not less than an hour in self-admiration before her mirror, until she persuaded herself she was certainly the prettiest girl in Duncanville, and a great deal too pretty to spend her life in a place so barren of "good society"—Kate meant silly people like herself—as that "Sleepy-hollow sort of place."

At last she felt tired of admiring herself. She put dresses, hats, and furbelows aside, all but the one she meant to "fix up," saying to herself—

"I guess I'll take a walk down to the glen. It's a splendid morning."

This purpose brought the excursion back to her mind. She sighed, and said—

"They're having a fine time, I dare say. Hum, hum, I wish I had gone, I do."

As she stood before the glass tying her bonnet-strings, previous to going out, she spied the crumpled bit of paper containing the "thought" Uncle Morris had said she might think about

during the day. She opened it, and read this proverb—

*"A camel going to seek horns, lost his ears."*

"Humph! another proverb, eh? I do believe Mr. Morris's head is filled up with proverbs. He is a perfect oddity, and this is a very odd saying. *A camel going to seek horns?* What nonsense! Yet, I don't know, after all, but that it has some sense in it. A camel seeking *horns* would desire what would be of no use to a camel, and he would deserve to lose his *ears*. Ah, I see it now. Mr. Morris meant me by the camel, my new hat is the horn, and the loss of the camel's ears meant my losing the excursion. I sought a new hat and lost a day's pleasure. How odd!"

It was odd, and it was *sad* too. Kate had lost more than an excursion. She had lost the respect, the love, and the friendship, which many of the party had intended to lavish upon her on that delightful day.

The reading of this proverb brought to her mind the proverb Uncle Morris had sent her by the hands of Jessie a few days before. The

paper on which it was written still lay upon the floor. She picked it up and read—

*“Ingratitude is the daughter of Pride and Vanity.”*

“Am I *ungrateful*?” mused Kate, as she tripped down-stairs and walked along the path leading to the glen. “Ungrateful! That’s a very ugly word. I know I’m proud. Perhaps I’m vain, though I hardly know the difference between pride and vanity. But am I *ungrateful*? Am I?”

Poor Kate tried to answer this question as she walked, and after reaching the glen, while seated in “Jessie’s bower,” she mused upon it, and studied it on every side. After some time, she said, half aloud—

“It *was* very kind of them to give me a home. My aunt is very loving to me. If Uncle Carlton were my father, he could not be more kind. Jessie is a sweet little thing, and treats me just like a sister. Guy is kind too. As for Uncle Morris, he is a little severe on me, but I s’pose he means well, and I really believe everybody in Duncanville loves him—except

me. They are all kind, and perhaps—I—am—ungrateful, but—hillo, who's coming?"

Kate's musings were disturbed by the sound of wheels, and a voice saying—"Go along, Broad! Gee off! gee off! I say, old Brownie!"

Looking up, she saw one of Mr. Carlton's hired men driving an ox-cart into the glen with a load of peat. The man bowed as he passed her with his team, and went to the lower end of the glen. Curious to know his object, Kate watched him, and saw him stop alongside of an oblong mound, upon which he began to place the peat in his cart.

"What is this mound for?" said Kate, when she reached the spot where the man was at work.

"I'm building a *Butt*, Miss," replied the man.

"A *Butt*?" said Kate. "Pray, what is a *Butt*?"

"It's for the Archery Club, Miss," replied the man.

Kate's curiosity was greatly excited. What a pile of peat, six feet in height, four feet in



width, and two feet thick, could have to do with the Archery Club, she could not imagine. Hence she said—

“Of what use is this pile of peat to the Archery Club, pray?”

“They hangs their target to it, Miss. When their arrows miss the target they stick in the *Butt*, instead of flying way off, and maybe a-hittin’ against a rock and spilin’ the pints. It don’t hurt arrows to stick into peat. They pulls out very easy, Miss.”

To make Kate understand better the use of the *Butt*, the man ran up to the “bower,” brought a target, which he knew to be there, and hung it on the face of the *Butt*, to which he was just giving the finishing stroke with this last load of peat. Kate then saw at once the use of the *Butt*, how much time and trouble it would save to young archers at practice. Of its use in preserving the arrow-points, she knew nothing beyond what the man had just told her.

After the man had left the glen, Kate stood leaning against the trunk of a noble old oak and surveying the *Butt*. “It must have cost a





**KATE IN THE GLEN, THINKING.**

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pleasure of this Archery Club, of which they tell me I am elected member. It's all Uncle Morris's doings, I dare say, for Uncle Carlitos almost always in the city. I'm very kind of him; and who knows but that, after all, this letting the girls into the Club was done just to please me! And here I've been just as ugly as I could be all the while. Everybody caring for me, and I caring for nobody but myself. I'm afraid I am ungrateful, after all."

"Your dinner is ready, Miss Carlitos," said a voice just behind Kate.

It was the servant who came back to open her screen. Kate went from dinner with new views of things around her, new feelings, and with some noble desires to be a better girl.



good deal of trouble and some expense to build that Butt. And it's all done to promote the pleasure of this Archery Club, of which Guy tells me I am elected member. It's all Uncle Morris's doings, I dare say, for Uncle Carlton is almost always in the city. It's very kind of him ; and who knows but that, after all, this letting the girls into the Club was done just to please me? And here I've been just as ugly as I could be all the while. Everybody caring for me, and I caring for nobody but myself. I'm afraid I *am* ungrateful, after all."

"Your dinner is ready, Miss Carlton," said a voice just behind Kate.

It was the servant who thus broke in upon her reverie. Kate went into dinner with new views of things around her, new feelings, and with some feeble desires to be a better girl.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY.

KATE ate her dinner alone. Better thoughts had given her lighter spirits, and her solitary meal was relished far better than it would have been two hours earlier.

After dinner the hours moved with leaden feet. Had she been given to habits of industry she would have beguiled them by sewing or reading. But idleness was one of Kate's cherished vices. When her father was prosperous her every want had been supplied by the toil of others, and she had fancied herself to be above the need of labor. At school, the routine of study, and at home, visitors, parties, excursions, and public amusements, had filled up her time, so that she did not then feel the weight of that heavy burden which Idleness always binds on the shoulders of his followers. But at Glen

Morris, since the winter term of the "Young Ladies' Academy" had closed, and the Spring term was postponed, owing to some new arrangements about teachers, she had been thrown more than ever before upon her own resources.

You will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that this afternoon dragged heavily. She sat awhile in her chair, until she yawned for very weariness. Then she took up some sewing, but soon growing tired of that, she pushed it into her work-basket, saying—

"I'll go down into the library and find an interesting book."

Down-stairs she went, and was soon looking over the bookcase. Nothing suited her. One book was "stupid," another "dull," a third "a bore." Of a new poem she said pettishly, "I detest poetry!" A religious book she pronounced "silly." If the authors of the books in Uncle Morris's bookcase had been present to hear Kate's comments, they might have been tempted to hustle her out of the room, or to believe they had mistaken their vocation when they took to book-making.



Finding nothing to suit her there she went into the sitting-room, and dropping into the big rocking-chair fell asleep. When she awoke it was four o'clock. "Two hours more waiting," said she with a yawn. "Oh dear, what a long, long day this is!"

She now spent a few minutes looking out at the window. There was little to be seen from thence, except the yard, the barn, and its surroundings. Failing to find amusement there she turned away, and getting her bonnet, started for another ramble to the "glen."

The quiet beauty of this lovely spot soothed Kate's mind, and led her to take up the thread of reflection which had been cut off in the morning by the call to dinner. Seated in the bower with her elbow on the table, her drooping forehead resting on her hand, Kate again thought over her past history, particularly the charge of ingratitude implied in the proverb her uncle had sent her, until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Kate had often shed tears of passion—tears which had no value and brought no benefit.

But now she shed tears of regret and shame—precious tears, which were the heralds of better purposes than had ever before found a place in her heart. So taken up was she with her new thoughts that she took no note of the time, until, chilled by the evening air, she shivered. Starting from her seat she said, half aloud—

“Dear me! I’m getting cold. I must go into the house.”

The result of Kate’s reverie was a confession to herself that she had been ungrateful to her uncles and to the Carlton family, and a purpose to make herself more agreeable to them and to Alice Sherwood hereafter. A little light had dawned upon her heart, giving her a mere glimpse of the dark things which dwelt in it. It was certainly a sign of promise that this first lesson in self-knowledge led her to take a step—a very short step, certainly—in the right direction.

Her new purpose was soon put to a pretty severe test. She had scarcely reached the house when she heard the big omnibus drive

up to the gate, bringing the family back from the excursion.

"I'll receive them with a hearty welcome," said Kate, opening the front door, and taking her stand on the piazza as the family came up the walk.

Jessie, seeing Kate in waiting, ran forward, and seizing her hand said—

"O Kate, we've had a *splendid* time!"

"I'm glad," replied Kate, and then, very much to Jessie's surprise and pleasure, she gave her a kiss.

"See what a string of fish I caught to-day, Kate," said Guy, who was close behind Jessie, as he held up a fine string of fish for her to look at.

"I'm glad you had such good luck, Guy," remarked Kate.

"Ain't you sorry you had the sulks and stayed at home?" inquired Hugh, with that ill-nature which he was in the habit of playing off upon the girls.

Kate's good purpose almost gave way before this rude remark. But Mr. Carlton's stern,

"Hold your ill-natured tongue, Hugh!" and an affectionate kiss from her aunt came to its relief. Her uncle Carlton greeted her with marked kindness. Uncle Morris, who brought up the rear, also smiled most blandly and said—

"We have had a delightful day, Kate; but if you had been with us, with that pleasant face you now wear, it would have added a great deal to our pleasure."

"I thank you for your compliment, Uncle Morris," replied Kate, blushing, and thinking more of the importance his remark gave to her than to its implied censure. "Perhaps I will go with you *next* time."

Without waiting for a reply, Kate tripped into the house and hurried up-stairs with Jessie, to assist her in unrobing and getting ready for tea.

This was, perhaps, the first real attempt Kate had ever made to forget herself and promote the pleasure of others. Of course, it brought such a flow of spirits, and such a glow of good feeling into her heart, as she had never felt when cherishing pride or nursing vanity. She

actually surprised Jessie, and Uncle Morris, and all the family, by the readiness with which she entered into their spirit while discussing the doings of the day. After she had retired for the night, Mr. Carlton observed—

“Kate is in very high spirits to-night. I expected to find her moping and sulky. What can have happened to her?”

“Some good fairy has visited her in our absence, perhaps,” playfully observed Mrs. Carlton.

“Yes, and One far greater than a fairy has been shedding healthy influences upon her, I trust,” replied Uncle Morris, with one of his kindest smiles. And rising to retire as he spoke, he added, “I have great hope that Kate will yet become a joy to our little circle. Good-night, good-night!”

The next morning, directly after breakfast, Kate took out her “Fall” bonnet, and putting it on, tripped round to see Alice Sherwood.

This was the first time Kate had called on Alice, except by special invitation. Alice was as much pleased as she was surprised. She

gave Kate a frank and hearty greeting, kissing her, and saying—

“My dear Kate, I can’t tell you how glad I am to see you.”

Kate was gratified ; and sitting down beside Alice, began to open her heart as to a very near friend. Alice’s frank, earnest, generous spirit, had won her confidence. She needed sympathy in the struggle with herself she had resolved on the day before. She would have acted more wisely had she gone to her aunt, or to Uncle Morris, as she had now come to Alice. But it seemed easier to utter her confessions to one so near her own age than to her aunt or uncle. It was better to do so in the ear of Alice than not at all.

So, very much to the wonder of Alice, Kate poured a history of her late feelings into her ears, censuring herself severely, and requesting her friend’s advice and aid. As she brought her long story to a close, she said—

“I have treated you very rudely, Alice. Can you forgive me?”

“Hush !” said Alice, placing her hand gently

over Kate's lips. "I have nothing to forgive. As my pa often says, let bygones be bygones, —we will look only to the present and the future."

Promises of mutual friendship, very sincere, I have no doubt, now passed between them. After which Kate said—

"And now, Alice, I am going to test your friendship right off. You know I told you I was going to get a new Spring hat. My aunt objects. She thinks this straw, which I had new last Fall, is good enough with a little new trimming. Here is some very nice blue ribbon I had by me, and I want you to show me how to trim my hat, will you?"

"I will with great pleasure," said Alice, taking the hat into her hands and examining it.

"Well," said she, after giving a good look at it, "this is a beautiful straw, and this ribbon is lovely. It will trim the hat in beautiful style."

"I'm glad you think so," replied Kate with a sigh, caused by a thought of the lovely blue silk bonnet she had intended to procure. "But do you think it will be in fashion, Alice?"

"Fiddlestrings!" exclaimed Alice, laughing. "What need we care about fashion? Let us consider that our wearing a thing makes it fashionable."

Kate laughed at the idea of making a thing fashionable by her example. It pleased her, however, by tickling her vanity, although her good sense told her that Alice was only jesting; so she replied—

"We might do that if Mrs. Flum did not display the latest fashions in her window."

"Why need we care for Mrs. Flum and her fashions? Must the Duncanville girls wear hats just like those of the girls in Gotham, or London, or Paris? For my part, I don't see why our right to vote a Gothamite girl out of fashion, because she don't wear a hat like ours, is not just as good as hers is to vote us unfashionable because we don't choose to follow her; do you?"

"No, I don't," said Kate, still laughing at her friend's independence and her zeal for the honor of Duncanville. "But the mischief of the case is, that fashionable people *will* go to



the great cities for their fashions, and one might as well be out of the world as out of fashion, you know."

"I don't know any such thing. And if I choose to be out of fashion, I will do it and stay in the world too," rejoined Alice, laughing merrily. Then putting on a graver look she added, "But seriously, your bonnet is so very little out of this Spring's shape, that I can make it as wearable as any hat in Mrs. Flum's glass case."

"You are a dear, good girl—but who comes here? Ah, Master Walter, how do you do?"

Kate's thanks were interrupted by Master Sherwood, who bounded in at the door without the least ceremony, and with an air of mock dignity, said—

"Ladies of the highly celebrated Archery Club, please take notice, that you are expected to meet in the Court of Archery, at Glen Morris, on Wednesday afternoon next, by order of our most noble chief, Robin Hood, better known, perhaps, to the puissant ladies present, as Guy Carlton."

"A pretty herald you are, indeed, Master

Walter, to burst into a lady's chamber in such a style," said Alice. "I shall report you to your noble chief, and ask him to send messages to ladies by a more courtly bearer in future."

"Oh, oh! that will be terrible! Good-by, ladies. Don't forget the notice," replied Walter, running off, with a laugh at his sister's "fine speech," as he called it, which lasted him all down the stairs.

"Really," said Kate, as soon as Walter was fairly down-stairs, "I don't know what to do about this Archery Club."

"Why not?" asked Alice, who was now busily working on Kate's hat.

"Well," replied Kate, with a little of her habitual drawl, "won't it spoil our complexions to engage in an out-door sport like archery?"

"Spoil our complexions? Fiddlestrings! I wouldn't give a cent for a complexion that won't stand out-door exercise. But in my opinion, such exercise is just the thing to make a girl look her very best."

"Do you think so, Alice? Really?"

"Yes, *really*."

"Well, I don't. In my opinion, it would make us look as brown as gypsies; perhaps cover our faces with sun-freckles."

"Maybe so," replied Alice, looking archly into Kate's face, and smiling; "but I'd rather be a little brown, and have a few freckles, with good health and a fine, cheerful spirit, than to be fair and delicate, with poor health and the blues. But, seriously, if we wear our flats, and take reasonable care, we shall not have many freckles, nor gain any color beyond those beautiful crimson hues which nature loves to paint on healthy faces."

"Maybe you are right, Alice, but how about the girls and boys who are to belong to it? I talked to you on this point once before. Are you sure they are all *respectable*?"

"As respectable as I am."

"But are not some of the girls *poor*, Alice?"

"So am I, Miss Carlton, I haven't five dollars in the world I can call my own."

Kate felt this remark keenly, because it reminded her of her own dependent condition. She coughed, and with a forced smile, replied—

"I don't mean that, Alice. Of course, we girls aren't expected to have money of our own. You know what I mean. Some of them have *poor parents*, haven't they?"

Alice felt slightly vexed with Kate for again bringing up these silly objections to the girls elected to membership in the Club. A sharp reply leaped to her lips, but remembering that she had promised Uncle Morris to do her best to improve his niece, she held her temper as with taut reins, and quietly replied—

"I think likely."

"You are so cool that you provoke me," rejoined Kate, warmly, as her old, proud feelings came to the surface again. "I have about made up my mind to have nothing to do with the Club, unless *poor* people's daughters are excluded."

"Have you?" replied Alice, biting her lips with vexation, which she vainly tried to keep down.

"I have, indeed. I won't be a companion of poor people's children."

"You won't, eh?" said Alice, with a sharp-

ness quite unusual to her. "Suppose I should tell you that it took a good deal of persuasion to induce some of these *poor people's* girls to join the Club, if *you* were to belong to it. What would you say to that?"

Kate's face grew red with anger, as she replied—"I wouldn't believe it. The idea! Object to *me*, indeed! I should think they would feel honored by being admitted into *my* society."

"Well, they don't, I can assure you. Nothing but a desire to please your Cousin Guy and your Uncle Morris, led them to vote you in at last," said Alice, whose anger at Kate's pride had moved her to make this imprudent speech.

"The impudent creatures!" cried Kate, rising, and bringing her foot down on the floor with an emphatic stamp. "I despise the whole bunch of them!"

"But, Kate, aren't you a *poor man's child*, yourself? Didn't your father run away, because he couldn't pay his debts? and aren't you living on the bounty of your uncle?"

"Give me my bonnet. I'll never speak to you again, as long as I live!" retorted Kate,

snatching her hat from Alice, and hurrying from the room, in a fit of passion. Poor Kate! Never had her pride been so wounded, or her vanity so mortified. With sullen looks and compressed lips, she walked home, hastened to her room, and throwing her unfinished hat upon the table, threw herself into a chair beside her bed, upon which she laid her head, and vainly tried to weep.

That Alice had spoken imprudently and unkindly, there can be no doubt. But had not Kate's proud and vain speeches led her into the temptation? If Alice was blameworthy, did not Kate deserve all she suffered?

## CHAPTER IX.

### A LESSON IN ARCHERY.

ON Wednesday afternoon, in answer to Guy's call, the members of the Archery Club met in the "glen." They were in high spirits; but Uncle Morris, who was present, noticed that the boys were less rough in their manners and more careful in their speech than was their usual habit. This he very truly attributed to the presence of the young ladies, who met with them to-day for the first time.

All the misses elected were present except Kate, who had not yet got over the wound given to her pride by Alice, a day or two before. Jessie and her friend Carrie were there, with arms lovingly encircling each others' waists. Alice had chosen Bella Butler for her companion. Cora and Rosa Cameron seemed to be very intimate with Nelly Briggs. The seven

formed themselves into a group to discuss the archery question, while the boys were talking to Uncle Morris about the *butts* and targets, which most of them now saw for the first time.

"I never handled a bow in my life, and expect I shall be as awkward at it as an elephant would be taking tea in a lady's parlor," remarked Alice.

The girls laughed at the oddity of her comparison. Bella Butler replied—

"I shall feel awkward, too ; and I can hardly persuade myself that shooting arrows is a fit amusement for us girls."

"Oh, yes it is," said Cora, "for my cousin, who goes to Miss Godwin's famous Institute at Godwinsville, wrote me that there were archery grounds at the Institute, and that the young ladies liked shooting with bows first-rate."

"I went with my Uncle Morris to buy the bows and arrows in New York," said Jessie, "and the dealer told him that he sold a great many ladies' bows to female academies in the country, and for private use. He said the young ladies in the South buy a good many."



"I dare say it's all right, or Mr. Morris wouldn't favor it," said Bella. "I've read of the young ladies in England and Scotland being good archers, and if it will do for them I suppose it will for us."

"I don't accept your argument as a sound one," rejoined Alice laughing, and looking archly at her friend. "The young ladies of England and Scotland shall never make laws for me. I go in for archery, because I think it is, as Mr. Morris says, a healthy, innocent, and noble pastime, as well fitted for girls as it is for boys, and not because other young ladies practise it."

"That's bravely said," observed Uncle Morris, coming up to the group of girls just in time to hear Alice's remark. "We should never do a thing merely because others do it, my daughters. Is it *right*, should be our first question with regard to every act we are asked to do. If our conscience answers no, then we should refuse to do it, although every person we know is in the habit of doing it. But I must not moralize now. You are here to take your first les-

sons in archery. Come, girls, to the bower, and I will show you your weapons."

The girls followed Mr. Morris to the bower, where he produced three lancewood bows, and a quiver of arrows, three shooting-gloves, and three belts and tassels for carrying arrows.

"There, my daughters," said he, pointing to these articles and smiling, "are your munitions of war. These bows are of different lengths. The tallest of you must use the longest, the smallest of you the shortest. The old archer's rule was to choose a bow as long as he was tall. You may act on this rule, as nearly as you can, in choosing your weapons."

After the girls had spent a few moments examining the various articles, Alice picked up the longest bow and said—

"Well, I'm the tallest of the group, and I'll take this bow, and try my skill first."

Uncle Morris now showed Alice how to string her bow, to fasten the belt and tassel round her waist, fix the arrows in it, and the use of the shooting-glove, to protect the fingers from being hurt in pulling the bowstring.

"Come, queen of archers," said Guy, stepping up to the group, "come, try your skill at shooting!"

"Any thing but *skill*," replied Alice, playfully; "but every thing must have a beginning. I'll try. You might as well laugh at me as any one else."

"Girls, I'll leave you to Guy's care now," said Uncle Morris. "I have duties to do elsewhere. Good-afternoon!"

The girls bowed. The boys, filled with admiration at the good man's liberality in erecting the butts, furnishing bows and other implements for their pleasure, gave three rousing cheers, and Uncle Morris, lifting his hat in return, left the glen.

"Now, Miss Sherwood, please step this way," said Guy, moving towards the butt. When within about seventy-five feet of the butt, he paused and said—

"There, Miss Sherwood, suppose you make your first trial of skill at this short distance from the target. In a few weeks I hope to see you hit the target at twice this distance."

"Do you! Well, I don't much expect to hit it at all, but, as I said, I'll try. How must I hold this bow?"

Guy showed her by grasping his own bow with the left hand, placing the nock of the arrow upon the string, raising the bow in a perpendicular direction, drawing the string towards the bottom of his ear, and sending his arrow plump into the middle of the target, which was suspended against the butt.

"That was a good shot," said Edgar Mackay, who was standing near by.

"Pooh! any of us could do that at this short distance," observed Norman.

"Guy could do it at more than twice this distance, if he tried. Couldn't you, Guy?" said Richard Duncan.

"*You* could, Richard, I'm sure," modestly replied Guy; "but I'm only giving a lesson to Alice now." Then turning to Alice, he added, "Come, Miss Sherwood, suppose you do what I've done."

"I will try," said Alice, who had very closely watched Guy's manner of shooting.

She did try, and sent the arrow whizzing down the glen.

"It's right in the top of the butt," said Donald; "I can just see it sticking out."

"Not a very bad shot, Miss Sherwood, for one who never shot an arrow before," said Guy. "Suppose you try another arrow."

Alice drew a second arrow from her belt, and sent it after the first.

"Too low, too low," said Donald. "That arrow's in the butt very near the ground;—but what's that?"

"Who threw that stone?" asked Richard, looking down the glen in the direction from which a stone had been hurled into the middle of the group.

"That's Idle Jem's gang, I'll bet a peppercorn," said Adolphus, as another stone fell among them.

"You had better go up the lane a bit, young ladies, until we find out where those stones come from," said Guy, as half a dozen more stones fell on all sides.

"Yes, you'd better run off; there's going to

"be fun," said Adolphus, stooping to pick up some stones.

The girls ran off towards the house. As they left, Hugh received a blow on the eye from a hard clod. Clapping his hand to his head, he cried—

"Oh, my eye! my eye!"

"Oh, my head! my head!" groaned Donald Cameron the next moment.

"It's Jem Townsend's gang. Let us give 'em Jessie," said Adolphus, running across the glen to a hollow leading round the eminence on the top of which Idle Jem and his crew were posted in this attack on the Archery Club.

"I'm with you; let us give 'em more than they bargained for," shouted Richard Duncan, gathering the biggest stones he could see in his path as he followed Adolphus along the hollow.

Norman and Edgar rushed after the others. Hugh went crying to the house; Donald, having got over the first pang of the blow given him by the stone, prepared himself for the strife by digging some stones out of the sod with his heel. While thus busied he said to Guy,

who lingered behind, scarcely knowing what to do—

“Guy, aren’t you going to help us pitch into those fellers?”

“I don’t believe in fighting,” replied Guy.

“Don’t believe in fighting, eh? Well, I don’t; neither do I believe in being a coward,” retorted Donald, starting to join the others.

“A coward!” mused Guy. “I’m no coward. Whew! that’s a shower of stones. But I don’t like mixing in a brawl with such fellows.”

“Come up here, if you dare, Mister Guy,” shouted Idle Jem, showing himself on the top of the knoll at this moment.

Before Guy could reply, Jem began running from the top of the knoll into the glen. Adolphus and the others had attacked his party in the rear and scattered them in all directions. Seeing Jem coming within his reach, Guy rushed upon him, seized him firmly by the collar, and said—

“Now, Master Jem, you must go with me and give an account of yourself to my uncle.”

Jem struggled to get away; but Guy’s arm

was strong, and he held the wicked fellow fast. Just as Jem was giving in, Norman Butler came running back from the *melée*. Seeing Jem a prisoner, he said—

“That’s right, Guy. Hold him fast; let us whip him soundly.”

Norman was about to follow his exhortation with a vigorous blow, but Guy put out his arm and said—

“Don’t strike him, Nor. Help me take him to Uncle Morris.”

“Maybe that is best,” replied Norman, seizing Jem by the collar and saying—“Come along, my covey; Uncle Morris will take care of *you*.”

“I shan’t stir a peg to please ye,” said Jem, planting his feet firmly on the sod.

“You won’t, eh?” cried Richard, coming up and giving the sullen lad such a push from behind as would have thrown him on his face, if Guy and Norman had not held him up.

Finding himself overpowered, Jem yielded and moved sullenly along between his three guards.

Meanwhile, the other boys were chasing and



stoning Jem's rough companions all over the fields. Like most bold disturbers of others, they were cowards, and made no stand before Adolphus and his fellow-archers, who, I am sorry to say, were nothing loth to carry the matter much further than was necessary to defend themselves.

Before Guy reached the cottage with his prisoner, Uncle Morris and the coachman met him. The return of the girls, in a great fright, and Hugh's account, which was confirmed by his blackened eye, had led the old gentleman to take the coachman and go towards the glen.

"At your old tricks, eh? Master Idleness," said he to Jem. "Why couldn't you let my boys and girls alone?"

Jem made no reply. Uncle Morris turned to his coachman, and said—

"Take that boy down to Squire Duncan's. He will take care of him."

Jem started, and looked frightened, when this order was given. He was silent, however, and the coachman, grasping his arm as

with a vice, led him away to Squire Duncan's office.

"It will be some time before that boy and his companions give you trouble again. He and two of his party were seen robbing a hen-roost very early this morning. Squire Duncan has been arranging matters for their arrest, and they will be sent to jail for a month or two, I have no doubt."

"I'm glad of it, Mr. Morris," replied Richard. "He has been a great plague to us boys for a long time. I guess he attacked us to-day because I told him yesterday that he couldn't join our Club."

"Did he have the impudence to ask?" inquired Donald.

"Yes. He came to me, and said he could shoot arrows first-rate. He had learned the *knack*, as he called it, of some Indians, who camped back of our village once, and he would like to join us."

"What impudence!" exclaimed Donald.

The rest of the boys came up shortly after, and told what a grand time they had, fighting.

Jem's companions. They were in high spirits about it; because, as they said, they had won a great victory.

Uncle Morris checked their talk, to inquire into all the particulars of the affair. When he had drawn out all the facts, he said—

“Well, boys, I can't blame you much, badly as I dislike fighting. You were wantonly attacked. But since a good saying is never out of place, let me beg you to remember that *a good boy will as soon run into a fire as into a quarrel*. It would have been better, I think, if you had all quietly retired from the glen this afternoon, and complained to me. However, as I said, I can't blame you very severely. Guy, Hugh, and Donald will now please go with me to Mr. Duncan's office, to enter complaint for trespass and assault against those boys. We must get them locked up for a while.”

Uncle Morris left with the three boys. The others, finding their archery sport spoiled for the day, left Glen Morris.

“Well,” said Alice, who, with the lady mem-

bers of the Club, were in the parlor, "our Club has had a poor beginning, which is a sign that it will have a good ending, if the old saying be true. But since our archery is spoiled, for to-day at least, before it had well begun, I propose that we take a nice long walk down to Duncan's pond."

"Agreed!" said half a dozen voices at once.

"Won't it be nice!" said Jessie, using her favorite expression.

"Splendid!" replied Carrie. "I like *long walks*."

While the girls were getting ready to start, Alice quietly slipped up to Kate's room, and tapped at the door.

"Come in!" said Kate.

Alice obeyed. As soon as Kate saw who it was, she looked angrily at her visitor, and resumed her reading, without saying one word.

Alice was not to be so easily repulsed. Going up to her offended friend, she said in her gentlest tones—

"Katie, dear, I'm sorry I wounded your feel-

ings the other day. Let us be friends again. Will you?"

Kate's heart had been full of bitterness all the afternoon. She had watched the girls on their way to the glen, envying them the pleasure they so obviously enjoyed. She had wickedly rejoiced when she saw them return, because of the inroad of Idle Jem and his company. She had very truly called herself a fool many times for not mingling with them. She knew she was more to blame than Alice for the quarrel which had thrown her into the sulks for the last day or two, and when that noble girl made confession, and begged her to be friendly, her heart longed to reciprocate her admirable spirit. But pride struggled with good sense and gained the victory. She pushed Alice aside rudely, and proudly said—

"You will oblige me very much, Miss Sherwood, if you will leave me alone."

Alice was grieved. She turned silently away, and joining the young ladies down-stairs, started with them on their walk. Having acted a noble part, she soon recovered her spirits, and became

the happiest in that happy group of joyous girls.

*A proud, envious heart shoots at others and wounds itself.* Kate sat painfully illustrating this truth, while Alice was enjoying that pleasant ramble to Duncan's pond. Didn't Kate find pride to be a hard master?

## CHAPTER X.

### ALICE TELLS KATE A GREAT SECRET.

FOR a few days after the disturbance of the Archery Club by Idle Jem and his party, things moved on without any noteworthy events. The parties whose hen-roosts had been robbed, having had their stolen fowls restored, refused to prosecute the lads, and Squire Duncan had let the disturbers off, under a pledge from their parents that they should forthwith leave Duncanville. They had accordingly gone. Jem was put aboard a coasting vessel. Of the others, one was sent down the island on to a farm; another became a stable boy in New York; and a third found a place on a canal-boat about starting for a trip to Buffalo. To the great relief of the whole village, and specially of our circle of boys, the gang was thus broken up and scattered.

One afternoon Kate, who, by a process of constant self-irritation, still kept open the wounds which had been made in her pride and vanity, walked down to the "glen." She went alone, as usual, for her moods were so sullen as to repel all the friendly advances of Jessie and Guy. As for Hugh, he never cared for the society of girls. Even Jessie, his cheerful sister, rarely obtained his company, while Kate was the object of his most marked dislike, and the butt of many ill-natured remarks. Thus Kate was a lonely girl, though living in a family in which, with the exception of herself, all were as cheerful, social, and happy as loving hearts could make them.

Kate walked with downcast eyes. She was thinking of herself and her troubles. Light was beaming upon her silly pride and inflated vanity, and she was asking herself aloud the very pertinent question—

"What reason have I for being so miserable?"

"Not the least in the world, my dear," replied a well-known voice.



She looked up, and saw the pleasant face of Uncle Morris. He was sitting on the end of the seat at the opening of the bower. Kate had been so taken up with her musings, and had walked with such downcast looks, that she had not seen him until his voice aroused her. She started, blushed, and said—

“Why, Mr. Morris! Is that you? I didn’t know I spoke aloud.”

“Come here, my dear Kate,” replied the good old gentleman, in his tenderest tones. “Sit down on that bench. Let us have a friendly chat together.”

Kate stood still, doubting whether it were better to obey her uncle or to turn about and run back to the house. She dreaded a serious talk with Uncle Morris. Seeing her hesitation, her uncle took her hand, and very gently led her to a seat.

“Kate, my dear,” said he, “I am sorry to see you so unhappy. You live almost by yourself. You spend hours in mopish grief. You refuse to join us in our little family amusements. You will not mingle with the village

girls, and you appear like one who takes pains to make herself miserable. Tell me, my dear child, what ails you, and what we can do for your relief."

Kate held down her head, but made no reply. Her uncle's words pierced her like sharp swords. She saw at a glance, as she had perhaps never seen it before, that she had no real cause for her misery. She was her own tormentor.

Finding she would not reply, after pausing a few moments, the old gentleman continued—

"We all love you very dearly, Kate, and would do any thing in our power, that is right, to make you happy. We long to take you to our hearts, but you will not let us. Tell me, my daughter, why you dislike us so."

"I don't dislike you, Uncle," sobbed Kate, calling to mind the proverb about ingratitude and the thoughts it had suggested, but which subsequent events had for a time driven out of her mind. Mr. Morris had touched her better feelings, and tears began to gather between her eyelids.

Seeing that she was moved, the good old man

proceeded with his appeal. He spoke plainly to her, told her all the facts concerning her father's failure and disgrace, of her own dependence, and of his plans for her welfare. He faithfully pointed her to three great faults in her character—pride, vanity, and idleness. He showed her how she was injuring herself, grieving her friends, and offending her Creator. Such words had never fallen on Kate's ears before, and when Uncle Morris ceased to speak she was completely subdued. With a bursting heart and tearful eyes she rose, cast herself upon his breast, and sobbed—

“O Uncle Morris, I am a very wicked girl! Can you ever forgive me and love me again?”

“Love you!” replied the good man, “why, my child, I have never ceased to love you. Indeed, I have nothing else to live for, but to love my heavenly Father and the friends which surround me. There is a very warm place in my heart for you, Kate, if you choose to fill it.”

“I do, I will, Uncle Morris, if you will forgive me,” cried Kate, who was now very strongly excited.

Her uncle raised her very fondly, and spoke many wise and soothing words to her. When she grew calm again he arose, and giving her his arm, they walked slowly round the glen and then back to the cottage.

As soon as Kate entered the house, she sought her aunt. Having found her, she related what had occurred in the "glen," and with great frankness, begged such a place in her affections as she had found in her uncle's heart.

Mrs. Carlton's warm heart glowed with loving gladness, and she gave the penitent girl such assurances of her affection, as led her, on going to her room, to say—

"What a noble, loving heart I have been wounding by my misconduct!"

Kate next sought her chamber, where she very wisely kneeled down and prayed for help from Him through whose grace alone, Uncle Morris had truly assured her, she could find strength to overcome the stubborn evils which, like ugly weeds, had rooted themselves in her heart.

Prayer soothed her spirit and strengthened her purposes of self-conquest.

Her next step, in a right direction, was to run over to Alice Sherwood's, to apologize for her past rudeness and petulance towards her.

She found Alice in her own room, seated on the floor, and busily at work over a large trunk. Kate's greeting made Alice look with wonder into her face.

"Why, Alice!" she exclaimed, "I hope you are not going to become an Ida Pfeiffer, travelling on a pilgrimage round the world."

"Not quite so far as that," said Alice. "I am only a sort of Lady Japhet, searching, not for a companion, but for the bottom of my trunk."

"Is that all? Well, I'm glad it's no worse. But what do you think I'm in search of?"

"Can't tell. Perhaps some wire for your bonnet," said Alice, calling to mind the fact that Kate had carried away her hat in an unfinished state at her last visit.

"No, not that," rejoined Kate, blushing at the recollection of her part in that foolish quar-

rel. "Something more precious than a bonnet-wire, or than a whole bonnet. Can't you guess what it is?"

"I can't, really," said Alice, with a puzzled air.

"Do you give it up, then?"

"I do, Kate. Your riddle is too profound for me to solve."

"It's your good-nature I am seeking for, Alice."

"My good-nature?" Oh dear! I hope you don't want to take what little I have of that precious article away."

"No," said Kate, seriously, and with a mist gathering in her eyes. "I only want to appeal to it in behalf of a foolish, wicked, proud friend of yours, who got mad with you for nothing, and refused to make it up when you asked her."

"Hush! hush! not another word about that," said Alice, perceiving at a glance what Kate meant. Then springing to her feet, she threw her arms round Kate's neck, and kissed her with a warmth and frequency that left no room

for a doubt in Kate's mind respecting her sincerity. Having ended this very hearty embrace, she said—

“Now, Kate, just sit down on the floor, and I will show you my treasures. I'm emptying my school-trunk, and trying to find places for my things, and that's why my room is in such confusion.”

“I like that,” rejoined Kate, “it will be so cozy to sit on the floor and talk. I have a great deal to say to you, if you will accept me for a friend. Will you?”

“To be sure I will. Come, sit down.”

Down they sat, and while Alice pulled the things from her trunk, Kate gave her an account of what had passed between her and Uncle Morris. She also told her many things about herself, which, though known to the reader, were new to Alice. When her story was ended, Alice looked at her very earnestly, and said—

“Kate, do you know that I used to make myself very miserable because I couldn't dress as finely as some other girls?”







KATE'S TALK WITH ALICE.

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"What, *you*, Alice Sherwood? *You* ever care about dress so much as that?"

"Yes, and I used to fret and fume if I wasn't noticed by the rich girls at school as much as I thought I ought to be. I was a very proud girl once, Katie, and thought myself of greater consequence than anybody else."

"Why, Alice! you surprise me."

"Well, it was just as I tell you. I was *vain*, too. I loved to be admired, and that made me want showy dresses. But I was cured of those stupid feelings while I was sick with a bad fever, and when I and everybody else thought I should die."

"Were you ever so sick as that?" inquired Kate, almost shivering at the idea of talking to a girl who had been down to the very gateway of death.

"Yes, I was very, very sick, Kate. And then I saw how little the admiration of others was worth. I saw how foolish all my past proud thoughts were, for I really had nothing to be proud of. I saw that my heart was full of evil, and my life had been all wrong."

“What, *all* wrong? O, Alice!”

“Yes, *all* wrong; for I saw that I had been doing every thing just to please myself, and had treated my Creator and Saviour with the most cruel, ungrateful, and wicked neglect. That thought broke my heart, Kate. I told God my guilt and my sorrow. I asked him to take my guilt away, and, for his Son’s sake, to purge my heart of its pride, vanity, and other evils.”

“Did he do it, Alice?”

“Yes, he did it, Katie, and then I was *so* happy! I didn’t care after that whether I lived or died. But I got well; and since then I have cared very little for the opinions of others, but I have cared a great deal about being and doing *right*.”

“Haven’t you felt proud or vain at all, Alice?”

“Well, I can’t say no to that question, because sometimes the old proud and vain feelings have struggled for their old place in my breast. But I have fought against them as enemies, and they don’t rule me as they used to do.”

"Oh dear! I wish they didn't rule me," sighed Kate.

"Well, they needn't, my dear. If you will do as I did, the same Power which helped me will assist you,—for God, you know, is no respecter of persons."

This remarkable conversation between the two girls was continued for some time. Its effect on Kate was very marked. She stayed to tea with Alice. She went home early after dark, alone. As she walked slowly up the lawn in front of Glen Morris Cottage, and along the avenue formed by some glorious old elms, she paused and looked upwards. The stars shone brightly in the sky above her, and as she gazed at them through the branches of the trees, they seemed like eyes of heavenly love and pity beaming upon her.

"Oh!" sobbed Kate, in a voice full of emotion, "how beautiful! how mild! And is not He who made them mild and beautiful too? Yes, His name is Love. Well, from this hour it shall be the grand object of my life to please *Him*."

And from that golden hour in Kate's life she began to strive for higher and better things. She began to be a more regular visitor at the house of God. She had long and frequent talks with the village pastor, and almost every day she held private interviews with Uncle Morris. Without doubt, Kate had begun to seek that costly pearl which is a richer ornament than any diamond that ever sparkled in a mortal's crown.

At the next meeting of the Archery Club Kate was present. Now that Idle Jem and his crew were disposed of, there was no fear of interruption in their secluded glen. All the members of the Club were there, and the practice soon began in good earnest.

Uncle Morris had built two butts, one on each side of the bower, so that the boys might *practise* on one side and the girls on the other. Guy, however, with his friend Richard, found it necessary to be with the young ladies.

"They are all so jolly green at the business you will have to train them," said the ill-natured

Hugh, "or they will never know the bow from the arrow."

"You were jolly green, as you call it, once, Master Hugh," replied young Duncan. "But look to your laurels, or you'll be beaten out of sight by some of those girls, when we come to have our grand match in the Fall."

"Pish! I beaten by a girl! Faugh! You don't believe it, Dick," replied Hugh.

"We shall see," rejoined Richard as he crossed over to the girls' side to assist Guy in giving them lessons in their noble pastime.

Kate did her best to be agreeable, even to the girls whose parents were poor. She laughed at her own awkwardness in handling the bow, and when her first arrow went outside of both the target and butt, she clapped her hands and said—

"There! I declare, if you will only give a prize to the *worst* archer in the Club, I shall be sure to win it."

After Kate had shot three arrows, which Guy said was enough for any archer to shoot at one trial, she retired a little back, and seated herself upon a boulder which lay at the foot of a big

tree. She had scarcely sat down before she heard some one behind the tree say—

“She is as proud as Lucifer.”

“And as poor as Job’s turkey,” said a second voice.

“Her father cheated a bank and ran away.”

“Did he? Dear me! And yet what airs she puts on! Guess she don’t know that.”

“My mother says, if it wasn’t for that good Mr. Morris, she’d have to go to the almshouse.”

“Well, I don’t know how that is, but I do wish she wasn’t in the Club—that’s all.”

Kate heard no more of this unkind dialogue; but she had heard enough to cut her to the heart. Had she heard it a week ago she would have fallen first into a fit of passion, and then into a fit of sulks. Now she was grieved, hurt, agonized, but *not maddened*. Still, she wanted to be alone. Stepping up to Alice and Jessie, she whispered—

“Excuse me, my dears, will you? I am going into the house.”

Alice saw by her sad, tearful eyes that something was the matter. So she said—

"Let me go with you ; shall I?"

"Please don't, Alice. Come to me when the Club breaks up."

Alice unwillingly consented to remain. Kate hurried to her chamber,—not, as heretofore, to sulk, but to tell her new sorrow to her invisible and almighty Friend.

"Well," said she to herself, after rising from her knees, "I deserve it all. I have been proud. My pride made those girls my enemies. I will now try if by humility and kindness I cannot make them my friends. I'll go back to the glen."

Thus did Kate learn the truth of a proverb often quoted by Uncle Morris, which said, *Pride increaseth our enemies, but putteth our friends to flight*. She was about to test that beautiful saying of a wiser than he, which affirms that, "Before honor, is humility."



## CHAPTER XI.

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

WHEN Kate returned to the "glen," she found the archers weary of practice and gathered in and about the bower, laughing and chatting, like a colony of rooks, caw, cawing at their evening pastime.

"Here comes Princess Kate," said Hugh, as his cousin came in sight.

"You are too severe on your cousin," observed Alice, as she left the bower to meet Kate.

"I think you are not a bit too severe, Hugh," said Bella Butler. "Isn't she the most stuck-up miss in town?"

"Hush, Bell! She'll hear you," whispered Nelly Briggs, as Kate and Alice approached the bower.

For a few moments Kate's presence acted like

a wet blanket on the spirits of the whole party. Some were afraid of her. Others really hated her. Not one, unless I except Alice, really loved her. Did you ever know either a lad or a miss, in whom pride and vanity were blended as they were in Kate, who was not an object of dislike? Never! It is always so. A *proud* person thinks so highly of himself (or herself) that he despises others, who pay back his scorn in the shape of hatred. A *vain* person, who loves to be admired, usually takes so much pains to win admiration as to appear silly, and to be despised in consequence. But when pride and vanity are mingled in one person, he or she is sure to be both hated and scorned. Are not pride and vanity painful and profitless vices, think you?

I think Kate felt that her presence annoyed the previously merry party. Once she would have gloried in her power over them. She would have attributed their silence to their dread of so superior a young lady as herself. But with her new feelings she was pained, and resolved to restore their merriment by being as

agreeable as she could. So she laughed and said—

“Are you holding a *silent* meeting, young ladies and gentlemen?”

“It was any thing but a silent meeting before you came,” growled Hugh.

“You deserve to be punched into politeness,” replied Adolphus, pulling Hugh’s cap down over his eyes, and spatting the top of his head as he spoke.

“Get out! Let me alone, or I’ll—”

“Don’t tease him, Dolph,” said Richard, as he pushed aside his friend’s arm.

This little rencounter brought down a general laugh, and set the company talking again. But poor Kate’s moist eyes showed that Hugh’s words had given her great pain.

“Never mind,” said she to herself, as she braced up her mind to bear it; “never mind. It’s my own fault. I made them all dislike me.”

In a few moments the conversation lagged again, when Kate, anxious to show herself friendly, said—

“Suppose we go a-Maying. It’s rather late

in the month, I know, but we shall get the more flowers."

"Capital! I go in for that," replied Richard.

"So do I." "That's a first-rate idea." "I should like it," and half a score more of similar phrases burst from the lips of different members of the party.

"Where shall we go?" inquired Alice.

"We'll go just back of my father's three-acre lot," replied Richard Duncan. "There's always lots of spring flowers there, because the side hill slopes to the south."

"That's a good place," observed Guy. "Shall we go there?"

"All agreed!" shouted the boys.

"Won't it be nice! I'm so glad you proposed it, dear Kate," said Jessie, jumping round her cousin like a happy child, as she was.

While the girls were fixing their bonnet-strings and getting out of the bower, in readiness for a start, Alice turned to her brother and said—

"Which way shall we go, Walter?"

"We will take a short cut across Mr. Carl-

ton's orchard and pasture," said Richard Duncan, before Walter had time to speak.

"That's not best," suggested Guy. "The pasture is quite wet, and the girls haven't rubbers. They'll get their feet wet. We must go round by the road. We shall find the longer way round to be, if not the shorter, at least the better way there. Young ladies, you must *not* cross the pasture."

I can't give the reason why at that moment an evil spirit of contradiction entered Richard's breast. All I can now say is, that it did, and he replied tartly—

"Guy, you're a regular old Betty. The girls can go across the pasture as well as not, rubbers or no rubbers."

"To be sure they can. Girls aren't made of either sugar or salt, are you girls?" said Adolphus, in a half-sneering, half-joking tone.

"I guess we don't mind a little moisture," replied Bella Butler, with her little characteristic laugh.

"Well," said Guy, in a tone which was, perhaps, a little too positive and commanding, "I

object most decidedly to taking the young ladies across the pasture. If they had on thick boots like ours, I wouldn't say a word. But I won't be responsible for their going with their thin shoes."

"Pooh! Who wants you to be *responsible*?" retorted Richard, with increased ill-humor. "Anybody would think, to hear you talk, that you had charge of us, and that we are all babies, whose mothers don't know we are out. But I tell you, we are not in your leading-strings, Mr. Guy!"

"That's right! Give it to him, Dick! He likes to come the boss over us too much," said Donald.

"Please don't quarrel about us!" entreated Kate, feeling grieved that her well-meant proposal was leading to a very unpleasant dispute.

"Quarrel? Fiddlestrings! There is nothing to quarrel about. We are all agreed to go a-Maying back of Squire Duncan's three-acre lot. As to the way of getting there, I think, with Guy, that we had better go round. We

girls certainly don't want to wet our feet, or to trail our dresses through that soggy pasture."

"It's all gammon about the pasture, I tell you," said Richard, spitefully. "Only Guy wants to have his own way, as usual. I won't stand it, and I'm going through the pasture. Who'll go with me? Will you, Bella?"

"Certainly I will. I'm not so much of a lady that I can't walk through a *pasture*, if it is a little wet."

Bella said this biting little speech with a sneer, that was meant for poor Kate.

"I'll go with you, Bella," said Cora Cameron.

"And I too," added Rosa, her sister.

"Well, *we* are going with Guy," said Alice, moving off, followed by Kate, Jessie, and Nelly Briggs. The other misses and all the boys went with Richard. Guy had not a single boy follower, not even his brother, who, I am sorry to say, was jealous of the influence Guy generally exerted over their companions.

"I'm sorry I've brought you into this dispute, Guy," said Kate, as his party walked along the path leading to the public highway.

"It's a regular insurrection, I declare," laughed Alice. "Your merry-men have revolted, noble Robin Hood, and even the ladies have, in part, forsaken you. What will you do about it?"

"Nothing," replied Guy, quietly. "I know I was right, and they will find it out before they get to the Squire's three-acre lot. Let us move briskly, and we shall get there before them."

"I see you mean to stick to the right, Guy, come what will," said Alice.

"Yes, I mean to stand by the right, if I lose all the friends I have in the world," replied Guy. "As my Uncle Morris says, *right wrongs no man*; and I'd rather die, doing right, than live, by doing wrong."

"Bravely said," rejoined Alice. "I hope we shall all stand by the right, at any cost."

Thus conversing, our little party reached the Maying-ground. The others had not arrived. They were in sight, however, and soon came up.

"Guy was right, as usual," said Bella, ad-



vancing towards Alice and Kate. "The pasture was not fit for us to cross. We have all got very wet feet, and some of us have a little more mud on our stockings than is desirable."

"If that's the case, you had better go directly home and dry yourselves," replied Alice.

"Nonsense!" rejoined Bella. "We are not afraid of trifles."

"Perhaps not, my dear, but standing with wet feet is not a trifle. Many a young lady has found that wet feet have a very strong tendency towards the graveyard."

"You treat the matter too *gravely*," said Bella, with a hollow laugh, which showed that in spite of her poor attempt at punning, she felt that Alice was right.

"I guess we *had* better go home and put on dry things," observed Rosa Cameron.

"Yes, do, dear girls," said Kate. "I should be sorry if any of you should get sick through a proposition of mine. We will bring you a part of whatever flowers we may gather."

"That's kind," replied Bella. "Guess I will go home." Then turning to her companions,

she added, with a laugh, "Come, sisters in tribulation, let us go home!"

They left. The boys who had accompanied them stood aside, conversing together. After a few moments, they went away in another direction, without saying one word to Guy or his companions.

"There, Guy," observed Alice, "you see what you've lost through doing right. Your archers have all cut you. Shouldn't wonder if they choose another chief."

"And yet they know I'm right, Miss Sherwood."

"Ah! that only makes them more vexed. They knew you were right before we left the glen; but a spirit of contradiction came over your friend Richard, and the rest caught it. Now they are all ashamed, and yet are too proud to own it."

"Never mind," said Guy, with a little sigh; "never mind. It will all come out right. I'm never afraid when I know I'm right."

"What a noble fellow my cousin is!" whispered Kate to Alice, as a few minutes later they

were stooping together picking violets. "I do wish I was like him."

"You *may* be, my dear," whispered Alice.

"Oh, do come here," cried Jessie; "do come here, Kate, Alice, Nelly! Here's some of the prettiest little white flowers you ever saw."

Of course the girls all ran to the rich *placer* discovered by Jessie and Carrie, and in a very short time they all had bunches as large as they wished to carry.

Faithful to their promise, they called on their way home at the houses of their wet-footed companions, and divided their floral spoils with them. Kate was very affable in making these calls, and more than one of the girls afterwards remarked—

"Kate Carlton is not so proud a girl, after all."

Thus early did fruit grow on the tree of humility which had been so recently planted in Kate's heart. Its taste was sweet to her lips, for she saw by the manner of these girls that they appreciated her attentions.

Guy walked home with his companions al-

most in silence. He was thoughtful. He was hurt at Richard Duncan's conduct; but he was not sorry for his own act.

"I would do so again to-morrow, if occasion required," said he to Uncle Morris, that evening, after telling him the story.

"That's right, my boy; that's right. No one should ever regret having done a right act, even if the doing of it made an enemy of the best friend he had in the world," replied Uncle Morris, patting his head. "Better be a friendless beggar with a good conscience and God on your side, than to roll in wealth and carry a guilty conscience in your bosom. Good-night, my dear boy; good-night!"

"Good-night, Uncle," said Guy, with tears in his eyes, and a heart overflowing with high moral purposes.

The next morning Guy and Richard met in the school-yard. Approaching his friend with his usual cordiality, Guy bade him "Good-morning."

Richard had been chafing and fretting over the affair of the day before, until he had worked

himself into a determination to break with Guy "forever." Hence he rejected his offered hand, and said—

"It's all up, Mr. Guy. You and I can't train in the same company any longer. You come the Captain too strong. I won't stand it any more; so you may count me out of your old Archery Club as soon as you like."

"Don't be hasty, Richard. What have I done?"

"Done!" said Richard, in a very loud voice; "done enough! You are always having your own way. A fellow who trains in your company can't have a bit of freedom."

"I'm sorry you think so, Richard," rejoined Guy, very meekly. "I'm sure I never interfere with any one unless something don't go right."

"*Right!* Yes, that's the word you're always canting about. But it's all humbug. Right, in your mouth, means letting Guy Carlton have his own way. I really believe you're a hypocrite, Guy."

Richard's eyes flashed with passion as he said these unjust, bitter words, which were as sharp

swords in Guy's side. For the moment, the injured boy lost his self-control. The hot blood rushed in fiery torrents through his veins, and looking fiercely at his tormentor, he exclaimed—

“Say that again, if you dare!”

“*Dare*, eh? Well, I do dare; and I say that you, Guy Carlton, are a canting hypocrite, and a tyrant to boot!”

“And I say that you are an ungrateful, lying fellow!”

Poor Guy! He had no sooner uttered this hard speech than his passion gave way to better feelings. He turned suddenly round, walked rapidly into the yet empty school-room, seated himself at his desk, and wept bitterly.

Richard Duncan might have had a similar reaction in his feelings, if the boys had not gathered about him and cheered him for his “courage” in “giving it to Guy.” Their approval kept the pride on which his indignation reposed active, and he tried to persuade himself that he was a hero. But beneath all the floods of proud and angry feeling, he heard the still, small voice of right, saying—

"Richard Duncan! you are no hero. You are a foolish, envious boy. You have allowed your old evil nature to rise up again. You have spoken cruel, ungrateful words to the noblest boy in Duncanville!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### MUSLINS OR SILKS?

THIS outbreak against Guy pained him greatly. The fact that he had allowed his feelings to control him so far as to utter bitter and reviling words, gave him still severer pain. For the ungrateful and shabby conduct of the boys he did not blame himself. That was their fault, and was really more injurious to themselves than to him. But in letting his temper get the mastery over his will, he had shown his own weakness, and felt guilty. Hence that was the most unhappy day he had spent for months.

At noon he kept apart from the boys, and hurried to his dinner alone. At the table every one noticed the cloud upon his brow. No one questioned him; however, and he carried his burden wearily enough through the exercises of the afternoon.



But when school duties were ended he hastened home, and unbosomed his griefs to Uncle Morris, who, having heard his story, looked unusually grave, and said—

“Hum, hum! I’m sorry, Guy. It is strange, however, that after so many outbursts of envy, in which you have come off conqueror, because you were clearly right and they clearly wrong, *all* the boys should go against you in this trouble. Even your greatest admirer, Harry Randall, sided with Richard, did he not?”

“Yes, Uncle.”

“That makes me think you must have been in fault somewhat, Guy. I’m loth to think so; and yet, my dear boy, I suspect there was something in the affair, on your part, which was a real cause of offence.”

Guy was more distressed than ever, for there was nothing earthly he prized more highly than his uncle’s good opinion. Still, not being aware of any thing wrong on his part in the affair of the day before, he felt *piqued* at his uncle’s suspicions. He replied, therefore, with a little sharpness—

"Was I wrong in trying to keep the young ladies from crossing the wet pasture? Didn't you tell me last night that I was right?"

Uncle Morris smiled at the tartness of Guy's tone, and said—

"Guy, you were quite right as to that, but was there nothing in your *manner* of doing it likely to give offence. Boys don't like to be *commanded* by their equals, you know. Didn't you speak a little too sternly; too much like a superior, and too little like an equal?"

Guy's head fell; and fixing his eyes on the floor, he tried to call up the words he had used, and the manner he had put on. It was the habit of this noble boy to deal honestly with himself. Hence, on calling to mind the scene in the glen, he saw that his uncle had probably hit on the real cause of Richard's anger, and of the power he had exercised over the boys.

"That must be it, Uncle," said he; "*I was* a little peremptory, because I felt that I was *right*. But they ought not to have made a little sternness on my part a cause of quarrel."

"Very true, but such is human nature. You

can lead it much further by gentleness and persuasion than you can drive it by commands. I have known many rising *men* to lose their influence by becoming haughty in their manners when they rise into notice. And *boys* are only men in miniature, you know."

Guy thanked his uncle for this valuable hint, and said he would try and not injure his influence by wearing a haughty manner again. He then asked for advice as to the best way of bringing Richard back to a state of friendly feeling.

"He treated me shamefully this morning," said he. "I feel indignant when I think of it."

"*Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,*" said Uncle Morris, slowly and emphatically.

Guy looked into his uncle's face, trying to read all he meant by quoting this sacred precept. Then dropping his eyes again, he thought a moment or two in silence. At length he spoke, and said—

"Do you really think, Uncle, I ought to see Richard to-night, and apologize to him?"

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. Isn't that very plain language, Guy?"

"Yes; and if Richard would ask me to forgive him for his harsh speeches to-day, I'd do it, in a moment."

"But your haughty manner yesterday gave him the *first* offence. Apologize to him for *that*, and for your bitter words this morning, and maybe he will do *his* duty. Richard has shown high qualities of late. I know he loves you. I believe he is at this moment both ashamed of his conduct, and miserable on account of it. Would it not be a glorious victory over your own pride to go to him before he comes to you, or before the breach between you grows wider—perhaps too wide ever to be healed?"

Again Guy sat silently gazing on the floor. As he thought over the whole subject, a fierce struggle took place between pride and duty. At last his habit of yielding to the claims of duty triumphed. He looked up, with eyes swimming in tears, into his uncle's face, and said firmly—

"I'll go and see him, Uncle."

"I knew you would. You're a noble boy. God bless you, my dear Guy!" replied Uncle Morris, placing his hand upon the lad's head, and breathing a whispered prayer to heaven in his behalf.

With Guy, to resolve was to do. The more unpleasant the task, the more quickly he set about it. Hence, he started directly to seek an interview with his offended friend.

He had scarcely reached the four-corners, when, hearing footsteps approaching, he looked up, and saw Richard coming towards him. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped forward, held out his hand, and exclaimed, with deep feeling—

"O Richard!"

"O Guy! how sorry I am I called you names this morning!" replied Richard, grasping his friend's offered hand.

The ice was thus very easily broken. Guy offered his apology. Richard confessed that Guy's "air of command" had vexed him and all the other boys. But he was now "very sorry;" had been "miserable as a wounded crow

ever since yesterday ;" would "never be such a fool as to quarrel with Guy for nothing again ;" and would "make it all right with the other fellows right off." In short, mutual explanations and apologies were ample, and the broken link in their friendship soundly mended. To seal the matter, Richard, after gaining his mother's consent, went to tea with Guy at Glen Morris Cottage.

"How much better it is to apply the balm of explanation to wounded friendship quickly, than to leave the wound to fester and to mortify," observed Uncle Morris, after the two boys had told him all their feelings in detail. "If you had slept over your late quarrel another night, you would have hugged your misery, and possibly never have become friends again."

Kate, who, by proposing the "to go a-May-ing" expedition, had been the innocent occasion of this boyish quarrel, was greatly pleased to hear it was healed.

"I have felt bad," said she to Uncle Morris, at the close of that delightful evening, "to see that almost the first attempt I ever made to pro-

mote the happiness of others should turn out so badly. I was discouraged, and began to think I would never do the thing any more. But now I feel better, and will try all I can to be good myself, and to do all in my power to make others good and happy too."

Of course, Uncle Morris smiled on Kate, approved her good intentions, and sent her to rest with pithy words of wisdom to reflect upon. I am sorry I can't give you the proverb in which it was expressed.

Kate had now fairly entered the path of right action, and had really become quite a different creature from her former self. She spent no sulky days alone in her chamber now. She did not keep herself aloof from the family circle as she once did. She did not snub the charming little Jessie, but wondered she had not found out before what a "sweet little fairy" she was. She no longer avoided or disliked Uncle Morris, but looked up to him with love, reverence, and confidence. Nor was she any longer the listless, aimless, slothful Kate of former times.

"What! practising so early?" exclaimed

Uncle Morris, one fine morning, when, on walking to the glen before breakfast, he found Kate busy with her bow and arrows.

"Yes, Uncle. I find it very pleasant to spend fifteen minutes here in the quiet morning-hour."

"It is, my dear, very pleasant, doubtless; and I guess your lady archers will confess that it is profitable too; when they make trial of skill with you by and by. As the proverb says—*The morning-hour has gold in its mouth.*"

"Well, you see, Uncle, I am a great bungler at archery, so I practise here early and alone, that I may not be too much laughed at for my awkwardness."

"All right, my dear, only don't be over-sensitive about the laughter of others. Do right, respect yourself, and all whose good opinion is worth having will respect you. I wish you great success in your archery. Good-morning!"

"Good-morning!" rejoined Kate, leaning thoughtfully on her bow, as her uncle left the glen.

"He thinks I am still a little vain," thought she, sighing. "Heigho! I fear he is right. Oh



dear! how one's old feelings do cling to her. Well, I'll try not to care too much about the fun the girls make of me—but there's the horn sounding for breakfast! I must go in."

You may be sure that, although Kate was both happier and better than formerly, she did not find it *easy*, at all times, to shake off the influence of her old habits and feelings. These would often spring up, as from some place of ambush in her heart, and cause her no little trouble and strife to beat them back to their lurking-places.

One morning she entered her aunt's room, and said—

"Aunt!"

"What is it, my dear?"

"I find that I want a new dress."

"Do you! What do you want?"

"Well, my light summer-silks are too short for me. And then they are spotted and torn—worn out, in fact. I want at least one new thin silk, for I really have nothing to wear, now the warm weather is coming on."

"Haven't you any *muslins*, my dear?"

"*Muslins!* Yes, I have two or three muslins that will do to wear round the house mornings. I want something to wear out-doors, Aunt."

"Why not wear the muslins, if they are in good order?"

"Wear *muslins* in the *street*, Aunt! The idea! Why I never heard of such a thing in New York. All my young friends wore silks when they went out, and in the afternoons and evenings at home."

"Kate," said Mrs. Carlton, "you are not now in New York, remember, nor living among people who call themselves fashionable, but in a plain country village. All the young ladies here wear lawns and muslins out of doors. They are more comfortable than silks in warm weather, and to my taste, much more becoming to young ladies. Indeed, I have seen them worn in New York by ladies of the very highest respectability. If, therefore, you have two or three good muslins, I think your Uncle Morris, to whom you have to look for your clothing, will not buy you a summer-silk. He would consider it a wicked waste of money to do so."

Kate's old feelings of vanity and anger began to revive, like sparks fanned by a passing breeze, as she listened to her aunt's remarks. Her heart swelled, her eyes flashed, her limbs trembled slightly, and she was on the point of giving way to a grand burst of passion. But a voice within her whispered somewhat as follows—

“Beware, Kate, how you yield to these wrong feelings! Your aunt is right. Besides, passion won't help you. Remember the affair of the bonnet! Remember, too, your purpose to do right, and only right. O Kate, beware!”

Happily for Kate, she gave heed to these whispered warnings, and by a strong effort of will kept down her rising temper, and after some moments said—

“Ahem, ahem! I'll go and see how my muslins look.”

With this excuse Kate left the room, and hurrying to her chamber, sat down, wept a little, thought the question all over, thanked her invisible Friend for aiding her in resisting her bad feelings, begged further support, with wisdom to guide her, and then took down her

despised muslins. The result was, she made up her mind the muslins would do,—Aunt Carlton was right,—and she would think no more about a new summer-silk dress.

Mrs. Carlton related this little affair to her brother, and begged him to speak to Kate about it. He did so, giving her some very sound ideas on the subject of dress, among which was a proverb, which Kate liked so much that she often repeated it, when tempted by her old vanity to desire fine or rich clothing. The proverb ran thus—

*“In my own city my NAME, in a strange city my CLOTHES, procure me respect.”*

“Ah, ah, that respect must be a very cheap and flimsy article which one buys with her *clothes*,” said Alice, a few days later, when Kate quoted this proverb. “It wouldn’t keep long either, because, you see, one’s *character* will soon appear through the costliest clothing, and if *that* isn’t worth respecting, what was gained by fine dress will be worse than lost. The giver will take it back, and give us his contempt in exchange.”

"How *old* you talk, Alice! I declare, you are quite a philosopher. But let us settle the question of that archery costume. I've thought it all over, and propose green silk Zouave jackets, and riding-hats with a single black feather. Wouldn't we girls look romantic in such a costume?"

The reader will remember that Alice and Kate had once before discussed this question without agreeing upon it. Kate, it seems, with all her better feelings, could not get rid of her fancy for a romantic costume for the lady archers. Alice was as fixed as ever against it.

"Fiddlestrings!" she responded, laughing. "What do we care about looking romantic! What we want to get out of our archery is health, strength, and innocent enjoyment, not romance."

"But, Alice—"

"But, Kate! Let us think for others. *You* have a silk Zouave; several of our girls have not. Nelly Briggs and the Camerons *could not* get *silk* Zouaves without burdening their folks. To propose it would spoil all their fun. For their

sakes, then, let us be content to dress as usual, and each in her own fashion. Isn't that right, and therefore the *best* course, my dear Katie?"

"I suppose it is," sighed Kate, as she saw her vision of romantic costumes for the Archery Club fade into mist.

It was by such lessons as these that Kate came at length to understand another of her uncle's proverbs, which said—

*"It is pride, and not nature, that craves much."*

## CHAPTER XIII.

### RASPBERRIES AND OTHER SWEET FRUITS.

"WHAT shall we do this afternoon?" said Carrie to Jessie, one holiday afternoon some weeks after the incidents just related had occurred.

"I tell you what I would like to do," replied Jessie.

"What?"

"I would like to go way back of the glen, almost to the edge of pa's land."

"What for?"

"Guess."

"For a walk?"

"No. Guess again."

"I can't. Tell me."

"To pick berries. Guy told me that the raspberries are almost as thick as leaves down there,

and that they are the biggest he ever saw. Will you go?"

"I'd like to, first-rate. But what shall we do for a pail?"

"Oh, I'll manage that. You wait here one minute; I'll get one."

"Very well, I'll wait; only don't be long."

Jessie made no reply to this request, but ran into the house with the speed of a gazelle, obtained a four-quart pail, and hurried back to her friend.

"That's what I call real quick work," said Carrie, as Jessie came panting to her side; "but what did you bring such a *big* pail for?"

"Because I want to get a whole lot of berries. Come, let us be off."

"You know," resumed Jessie, as she and her friend walked off together—"you know poor Mrs. Clifton, don't you?"

"What, Madge Clifton's mother?"

"Yes. Well, she has been very sick, and poor Madge has had to be nurse, housekeeper, cook, and every thing. I thought it would be nice to take her some fresh, ripe raspberries.



She would relish them so much, and they would be such a treat to poor little Madge, too. That's one reason why I brought this big pail."

"That's very good of you. Indeed, it's just like you, Jessie, to be doing kind deeds. If it hadn't been for you, Madge and her mother wouldn't have been where they are now, I guess. But they don't need a four-quart pail full of berries."

"Of course not. But we can eat a big lot at our house; and your folks can eat another big lot at your house, can't they?" said Jessie, laughing merrily.

Carrie agreed to these statements, and, with pleasant words and ringing laughter, the two girls trudged across the farm to the spot of which Guy had told his sister.

"Oh, how thick they hang!" cried Carrie, clapping her hands. "What splendid berries! How sweet they are!"

With such exclamations they went to work picking. For a few minutes they picked briskly, and covered the bottom of the pail with ber-



"I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

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**JESSIE AND CARRIE PICKING BERRIES.**      Page 207.



ries. Then they slackened a little, and Carrie, leaning upon a fence-rail, said—

“Whew! how hot it is! I declare, I’m tired already. I don’t think we shall ever fill that big pail.”

“*Ever* is a long day,” replied Jessie, still picking away with nimble fingers. “I think we can fill it, if we try. I belong to the Try company, you know. Our motto is, ‘Never give up!’”

“Yes, I know. I belong to that company, too; but I do wish the pail was only about half as large.”

“Why, Carrie! you surprise me. I thought you never wanted to give up any thing you set out to do, unless you found out it was wrong. You know I used to be famous for beginning things which I never finished; but now I make it a point to go through with every thing I commence. I mean to pick this pail full of berries, if I stay here till dusk.”

“You are right, Jessie, and I’m wrong. I did feel a little lazy just then, but now I’m going to pick in real earnest.”

The busy fingers of these two earnest girls

soon made the abundant berries rise to the top of the pail. When their task was done, they sat down upon the grass a few moments to rest.

"Ha, ha, ha, Mr. Big-pail! we've filled you at last," said Jessie, with her sweet, ringing laugh. "I can't tell you how good I always feel when I've *finished* a thing. You know I used to finish nothing, hardly. But since I came here, Uncle Morris has taught me to conquer that old habit, and now I never feel at rest until a thing is fairly done. That little dwarf, Impulse, he used to talk so much about, never comes to me now, without bringing my new and dear friend Perseverance with him."

Jessie was right. She had fairly beaten her old enemy, or rather, I ought to say, she had made him into a friend. She had as many impulses as ever, but they were bridled now, and she had formed the habit of finishing one task before beginning another. Jessie was a sweet girl when she came to Glen Morris, but she had greatly improved in every respect under her good old uncle's instruction and discipline.

The berries were taken to the house by our

tired, but happy girls, divided into three equal parts, and an agreement made to carry the widow her share the next morning before school.

"Why so early this morning, Jessie, dear?" inquired Kate, as her cousin stood tying on her flat in the hall, shortly after breakfast, next morning.

"Oh, I've got to call on Madge Clifton before school," replied Jessie. "I'm going to take her some of the raspberries Carrie and I picked yesterday."

"Wait a moment, dear, I'll go with you," rejoined Kate, running up-stairs to get her bonnet and cape.

Jessie got her pail of berries, and waited with pleasure for Kate, to whom she was now quite strongly attached. Only a month or two before she was deemed "too young" by her then haughty cousin to be her companion. But since the great change had passed over Kate's spirit, she had seen such simple beauty, such Spring-like freshness in Jessie's character, that she was both charmed and profited by it. She



often wondered why she had not loved the "dear child earlier."

"Let me carry your pail, Jessie," said Kate, as they left the house together.

Jessie gave her cousin the pail, wondering that she took it. She knew that once Kate would have been angry had any one asked her to carry a pail through the street. She did *not* know that Kate's purpose in asking for it to-day was to mortify her old vanity, which protested against the "idea of such a young lady as I am being seen with a tin-pail in my hand!"

"The tin-pail is going on a work of mercy," replied Kate's better nature, "and I'll carry it. I will not allow myself to yield to a feeling of shame about doing a right thing any more."

Uncle Morris met them as they passed by the lawn gate. His eye twinkled with meaning when he saw the tin-pail in Kate's hand. But his expressive smile and cordial "good-morning," rewarded her for her act of self-denial, which, strangely as it may appear to some, she felt to be productive of that noblest species of pleasure—the consciousness of doing right.

Carrie joined the two cousins as they passed Mr. Sherwood's cottage. Shortly after, they came to a lane leading to Mrs. Clifton's house. Then Kate gave up the pail, and went on to the "Young Ladies' Institute," which was now in its Summer term.

"Good-morning, Miss Carlton," said Cora Cameron, kissing Kate, as she entered the grounds of the Institute.

"How are you, dear Kate?" inquired Nelly Briggs, to whom Kate had become quite attached, notwithstanding the fact that her father was a barber.

"Ah, Kate, my dear, how glad I am to see you here so early," said Bella Butler, passing an arm round Kate's waist.

To these cordial salutations, Kate replied with equal warmth and affection. Formerly, she sailed into the building with the air of a duchess, without deigning to notice the poorer scholars at all, and only vouchsafing a stiff nod to the daughters of wealthy parents. Then she was hated, laughed at, or scorned. Now, with very few exceptions, the scholars loved and re-

spected her. Her humility had borne fruit which was both pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste. Kate now thoroughly understood that *before honor, is humility*.

While the girls were quietly passing into their Institute, there was a great stir among the boys at their academy, which stood a little further up the street. Harry Randall was seated on a bench beneath a tree, with his shoe and stocking off, and the right leg of his pants rolled up nearly to the knee. He had been bitten by a dog, and was showing the marks of the animal's teeth to some twenty boys who crowded round him.

"Whose dog was it, Harry?" inquired one of them.

"Old Roger Rundown's," said the boy, rubbing the wound, as if to allay its smarting.

"What, that savage little cur that bit me last week?" asked Donald Cameron.

"It's a black dog, with shaggy hair," replied Harry.

"I know the crittur," said Adolphus; "he flies at me every time I go past old Rundown's door."

"I know him. He's as savage as a meat-axe. He bit my little brother last Winter," said Norman.

"He is a very sly dog," said Walter. "He comes up behind a fellow, and bites him before he can say Jack Robinson."

"I know him," added Guy. "He is a very cross dog. I hope Harry will tell the teacher, and get him to ask Mr. Rundown to keep his dog tied up."

"Tell the man in the moon!" cried Adolphus. "I wouldn't do any such thing. I go for killing the shaggy beast."

"That's the talk!" "I go for that." "Yes, let's kill him," and similar responses fell from a dozen tongues at once.

Ding *ding*, ding *ding*, ding ding *ding*, went the school-bell at that moment. The boys started for the school-room door, when Adolphus said—

"Let all who are in favor of killing old Rundown's dog meet me in the pine woods yonder, half an hour before school this afternoon."

"I will," said Norman; "and I," "and I," added at least a dozen more.

"Don't do it!" urged Guy.

But the boys had no further time to talk; they hurried into school, and were soon busy at their studies.

As Guy, Hugh, Walter, and Richard walked home together at noon, they talked over the project of killing the dog. Guy and Richard thought that the better way to be rid of the dog was, for all the boys who had been bitten or set upon by the dog to complain to their teacher, and ask him to see Mr. Rundown, and beg him to keep his ill-tempered dog tied up. "If that measure should fail," said Guy, "we will get our parents to interfere. If we can prove the dog to be a dangerous animal, the law will compel the man to muzzle, tie him up, or kill him. But I don't think we boys ought to take the law into our hands."

"That's my mind about it, exactly. Though I should like the fun of killing the creature," said Richard, whose natural love of fun inclined him to enter into a measure that promised "sport," as he called it. But his sense of right, which now generally ruled him, affirmed that

Guy was right, and he made up his mind to prefer duty to fun.

"I go in for killing the beast," said Hugh. "I'd as lief kill an ugly dog as I would a rat."

"So would I," added Walter, "if, like a rat, he belonged to no one. But this dog belongs to poor old Rundown, and though I think it ought to be killed, yet, as there is a right and a wrong way of doing a thing, I go with Guy and Dick for getting rid of this dog in the *right* way."

With these views the four boys went to their homes. After dinner Hugh slipped out, and going to Walter's house hailed him. When he came out he began—

"Going to the pine woods to see about killing of that dog, eh, Walt?"

"No, *sir*," was Walter's decided reply.

"Humph! That's a crusty answer, Walt. What ails you?"

"Nothing, Hugh, only I'm not going to do a right thing in a wrong way, as I told you before dinner. I used to go in for a good time right *or* wrong. But I've done with that. It

don't pay, as I found out when I was in New York. By the way, Hugh, do you remember Julius, and his friends Lem Bruce and John Eaton?"

"I guess I do."

"You know they wanted me to go with them and join a band of singers?"

"Yes, I remember, they wanted you to run away."

"That's so. Well, I've heard from them through Uncle Stanton, this noon. He writes that Julius died of yellow fever in New Orleans, that Bruce was in prison for passing counterfeit money, and that Eaton fell from a steamboat when drunk, and was drowned."

"Is it possible! Such a jolly set! I'm sorry."

"So am I, Hugh. But don't you see that they got nothing but the wages that every fellow gets, in some shape, who sets out to enjoy himself right or wrong? They didn't care for the right one straw, and so they went wrong, and a pretty end they've come to. Now I want to come out a good, useful, and happy

man, like Uncle Morris, or your father, or my own father, by-and-by, so I go in for the right thing, and the right thing *only*."

"But won't you help kill that ugly old dog? You don't mean to say it's wrong to kill a cross dog, do you?"

"No, not if I owned him, or he had no owner. I'll join you in a complaint to the teacher, or in any other right way of getting him killed."

"Walt, you are getting to be as straightlaced and as over-particular as our Guy. I'm for killing the dog anyhow. Good-by."

"Thank you for that compliment, comparing me to your Guy," said Walter.

But Hugh did not hear what he said, for he was in great haste to join Adolphus in the pine woods. Walter followed him with his eyes until he was out of sight, then seating himself in the piazza-chair he said—

"Am I really growing like Guy? I wish I was, for after all that the boys say about him, and the envy they sometimes feel, and all that I have done to spite him sometimes, he is the best



boy in Duncanville. I stick to the right only sometimes, but Guy is *always* right. I wish I was. I think I gain some. I wish I gained faster. May He who pardons wrong and loves right forgive me my past errors, and keep me in the narrow path for evermore!"

Should Walter go on in this spirit, don't you think there is reason to hope that he will grow up into a noble manhood?

## CHAPTER XIV.

### OLD RUNDOWN'S DOG.

UNDER the big pine, which stood like some tall giant in a small grove of pygmy pines, Hugh found a group of some dozen boys listening to a plan for catching and killing old Roger's dog, which Adolphus was setting forth. Seeing Hugh come up the speaker paused, and looking at Hugh, said—

"Glad to see you, Hugh. Where's Walt?"

"He isn't coming. He thinks it isn't right for us to kill the dog."

"That's Guy Carlton's work, I suppose. He is a regular old granny. He would make old ladies of us all, if we'd let him. There's Dick Duncan, too—he hasn't got half the spunk in him he used to have before Guy got him under his thumb—"

"There, just stop that talk against Guy, Mis-

ter Dolph," said Harry Randall, interrupting Adolphus. "He is a good fellow—the best in Duncanville, by all odds. We didn't come here to talk about *him*, but about that ugly dog. Let us hear your plan for killing the crittur you began to tell us about, just now."

"Pretty sharp, ain't you, Master Harry? Guess you ate pickles for dinner," replied Adolphus, in a tone of vexation at being interrupted.

"The plan! the plan!" shouted several boys at once.

"Well, my plan is to coax the cur to follow us to these woods, by throwing him bits of meat, and then stoning him to death."

"That's a cruel way, Dolph," said Harry. "I want to see the crittur killed, as much as any of you; but I don't want to be cruel to it."

"Let us *poison* him, then," said Donald Cameron.

"Where shall we get the poison?" asked one of the boys.

"Buy it of the apothecary," replied Donald.

"Buy it, eh? Wouldn't that be green? The apothecary would tell who bought the poison, and so we'd get found out," rejoined the boy.

"You are right, Charlie," said Hugh. "I propose that we hang him."

"Agreed!" responded Adolphus. "If you will put the rope round the cur's neck, I'll pull him up to the branch of a tree."

Hugh laughed, and a boy said, "Hugh's plan is like catching birds by putting salt on their tails."

"Or like the receipt for cooking a hare before you've caught him," said another.

"Or like the proposal of the rats to put a bell round the neck of the cat," suggested Donald, amid a roar of laughter.

When the laughing ceased, Norman Butler said: "I'll tell you the easiest way to get the cur killed. I know a fellow who calls himself a tax—taxi—taxidermer, or some such jaw-breaking name—"

"Taxidermist?" suggested Hugh.

"Yes, that's it," said Norman, "a taxidermist; he—"

"What on earth is a *taxidermist*?" asked one of the boys, interrupting Norman.

"He is a man who fixes up the skins of birds and beasts and stuffs them, so as to preserve them. He stuffed that owl we have in my father's sitting-room," replied Norman.

"Well, what of him?" inquired several voices.

"I saw him this noon, and told him about old Roger's dog. He said he'd kill the cur for us, if we would give him twenty-five cents, and promise to say nothing about it."

"Good! I'll give five cents towards it," said Hugh.

"I'll give three," said Harry.

"Pass your cap round, Nor. Let's see if we can get the quarter," said Adolphus.

Norman handed round his cap. The boys put in their pennies; the quarter was raised, and Norman deputed to bargain with the taxidermist to kill the dog.

This was far better than if they had tried to do the deed themselves. But was it *right*? Was not Guy's plan of complaining to their teacher and to their parents the really right

course? The cur, doubtless, deserved to be killed; but had those boys any right to do with their own hand, or through a hired agent, what could have been done *in a lawful way* by the aid of their teacher and parents? I think they had not. Boys should learn not only to do right, but also to do right things *in a right way*. They never should do evil that good may come.

The next morning when the boys passed old Roger's gate the cur was not there, and they were neither barked at nor bitten. How their eyes twinkled as they threw knowing glances at the old farmer's cottage! How they laughed and chuckled when they met in the academy-yard! "Old snapper's dead!" said one.

"Guess there'll be no more shins bitten now," observed another.

"Wonder if old Rundown saw his dog this morning," observed a third.

"Hurrah for the taxidermist!" shouted a fourth.

"Hush!" said Norman, placing his hand over the mouth of the last speaker, and wink-

ing knowingly with one eye. "What is the taxidermist to us?"

The cry, "It's nine o'clock! Bell rings!" put an end to these and other congratulations, in which the boys expressed their gladness at the death of the snarling cur which had so long annoyed many of them on their way to school.

About ten o'clock a rap at the academy-door announced a visitor. It was opened, and in walked old Roger Rundown, looking very angry. Turning towards the teacher's desk, he said—

"Mr. Schoolmaster!"

"Well, Sir," replied the teacher; "what is it?"

"It's a good deal. My dog is missing, and I suspicion your boys here have either stole him or killed him."

A general "He, he, he! Haw, haw, haw!" from the boys, greeted this not over elegant statement.

"Silence!" said the teacher, in a voice which every boy felt must be obeyed. Then turning to the old man, he added, in a very kind, but still very positive manner—

"Mr. Rundown, I know nothing about your dog. If, as you suspect, any of my boys have either stolen or killed it, which I hope they have not, they must have done it out of school-hours, when I had no control over them, nor any responsibility for their conduct. My advice to you is, that you find out the culprit, if there be one, and carry your complaint to his father, who is the proper person to punish him for wrong acts done out of school-hours."

"Humph! That's very pretty talk. In my young days masters punished their boys for doing wrong anywhere."

"I do not, Sir. My power to punish ends when my pupils leave this building and its grounds. Good-morning, Sir! Boys, resume your studies!"

Old Roger went away grumbling at this very decided, but sensible treatment of his case. The teacher looked a little more grave than usual, after the old man left, and took occasion, towards the close of school, to say—

"Boys, I hope you are not guilty of the offence charged upon you by Mr. Rundown



It is true, as I told him, that for your conduct out of school you are not *accountable* to me, but to your parents and to God. But it would *grieve* me very much to learn that any of you had killed or stolen a dog, or that any other idle and improper act was justly charged upon you. Remember, you hurt the reputation of your school, as well as yourselves, whenever you do a mean, wicked, or disgraceful deed. But I will not readily believe evil of any of you. Until you are proven guilty, I shall believe you innocent of this offence. You are dismissed!"

"Didn't I feel *mean*, though!" said Harry to the conspirators against the dog that noon, "when teacher was telling how he believed in us."

"Pooh! I didn't, a bit. Guess if old Run-down's cur had bitten our teacher's shins as often as he has ours, he wouldn't have preached us that sermon," said Adolphus.

The boys certainly had been sorely tried by that ugly cur; yet, having got rid of him in a wrong manner, none of them felt satisfied about

it. Even Adolphus, had he told his real feelings, would have had to say—

“We have not done exactly right.”

The taxidermist, as he called himself, was something of a wag. He was one of those idle men who fish, hunt, and do as little real work as suffices to keep them from starvation. Having killed the dog, he took off its skin, for the purpose of stuffing it, “because,” as he said, “it is such an uncommonly ugly crittur.” But happening to step out before beginning his preparations for preserving the skin, he saw a note from old Rundown on the village pump, offering one dollar for the recovery of his lost dog.

“He shall have his cur for nothing,” said he, chuckling over an idea which the note awakened in his idle brain.

Home he went, and without any further preparation, stuffed the skin, and fastened it upon a thin board, by the feet, in the attitude which it had been wont to assume when barking at the boys.

When evening came, he carried the stuffed

cur to old Rundown's door-yard, intending to nail the board on which it stood to the top of the rickety roof which covered the well. But seeing a light in the old man's bedroom, he changed his mind, and bore it to the yard of the academy. There he nailed it fast to the top of a bar, from which a swing was suspended.

Great was the stir, and loud the huzzas of the boys the next morning, when they saw the stuffed dog on its lofty pedestal. Very soon they began to stone it; and before nine o'clock, very little was left of it but a shapeless heap of skin.

Guy, Walter, and Richard, were witnesses of this sport, though they did not join in it. When it was over, they called the boys together. Said Guy—

“Boys, this dog matter ought to be settled—”

“Didn't know there was any thing to settle,” said Adolphus, interrupting him.

“Don't bother him!” cried several of the boys.

“No, don't interrupt me,” resumed Guy. “I

have a proposal to make which involves the honor of the school. This dog was the property of old Rundown. He valued it, as I learn, at one dollar and a half. Some of our number had to do with its death—”

“How do you know that?” growled Adolphus.

“No matter about that, Dolph. *You* know it's so. Now, in killing—”

“I say we didn't *kill* it,” said Adolphus.

“Well, in getting some one to kill it, some of our number did the poor old man a wrong. We destroyed his property, besides vexing him sorely. Now, I propose that, like boys of honor, we send him the value of the dog and a little over. What say you?”

“I say we should be a set of spooneys if we did it,” growled Adolphus.

“It does look like a queer way of doing things, I confess,” said Norman.

“Guess my money won't be spent for that object,” observed Donald.

“Nor mine,” said several other voices.

“I go for doing it,” said Walter; “and be-

cause I wish to sustain the honor of the school, I will give a quarter towards it."

"So will I," said Richard. "I used to go in for fun without regard to right. Now I go for right first, and fun afterwards."

Thus urged by these three boys of principle, the rest finally agreed. The sum of two dollars was raised and sent to poor old Roger, with an apology for the fate of his dog, and begging him, if he bought another, to procure one as good-natured as the old one was cross.

"Humph!" grunted the old man, after reading the note. "Them boys ain't such a bad set after all. The old dog was a rough customer—ugh!"

Thus did the influence of these three noble boys save the reputation of the school, lead to an act of simple justice, and heal the wounded feelings of an irritable old man, who had found life to be little else than a long, painful struggle with himself and his troubles. Did they not also prove that their own efforts to attain to right and noble character had not been in vain? Would Dick Duncan have taken this manly part

in the affair when we first made his acquaintance? Would Walter? No, no. Dick would have led the mischief, and Walter would have followed him. Now they stood up as champions for the noble, the truthful, and the right. Thought, purpose, prayer, faith, and effort had done wonders for them. My dear boy or girl reader, they will do as much for you, if you will but call them to your aid.

## CHAPTER XV.

### WINNERS AND LOSERS.

Busy people always complain that time flies very swiftly. But when they are both happy and busy, its flight seems still more swift. Hence you will not be surprised to hear Kate say to Guy, one day in September—

“Really, Guy, this has been the *shortest* summer I ever knew.”

“I’m glad to hear you say so, Cousin Kate,” replied Guy.

“Why so, Coz?”

“Because it must also have been the *happiest*.”

“Does that follow?”

“I think so. Uncle Morris often says that time seems long to the miserable, the impatient, and the lazy. I suppose, therefore, that it seems short to the busy and the happy. It has seemed

short to you, and therefore you must have been busy and happy. Is not that good logic, Kate?"

"It may be," said Kate, sighing as she spoke, "but I never studied logic, so I can't tell. Yet, logic or not, I do think this has been the happiest summer of my life, and I am glad I ever came to Glen Morris."

"Not more glad than we are to have you here," said Jessie, who sat near Kate. "We all love you very dearly *now*."

The little word *now*, which Jessie's love of truth compelled her to put into her remark, reminded Kate of her past disagreeable conduct. She sighed once more, and then, as a thought of the great change which had come over her spirit and life rose in her mind, a gush of gratitude burst from her heart, tears filled her eyes, and she said—

"And I, dear Jessie, love you all as dearly as you love me. I wonder, though, that I did not make you all *hate* me, I was so ugly to you all, at first."

"Let bygones be bygones, my dear," said



Uncle Morris, as he came out on to the piazza, smiling as usual, and holding several long bows in his hand. "I'm come to talk to you about your great archery meeting."

"What! like we had last year, Uncle?" inquired Jessie.

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad! When is it to be, Uncle?"

"That's the question I want to settle, Jessie. What say you, Guy, have you consulted the boys about it?"

"Yes, Sir; we think next week will be the best time, because the Fall terms at the 'Boys' Academy' and the 'Young Ladies' Institute' both commence the third Monday in this month, which is the week after next."

"Suppose, then, you appoint the archery meeting on Thursday of next week."

"That will do nicely, Sir," said Guy.

"Here are the prizes," said Uncle Morris, handing Guy the three bows, which he had been holding in his hand. "This fine lance-wood bow, which cost five dollars, is to be shot for by both young ladies and gentlemen. This

bow, which is worth three dollars and a half, is to be shot for by the young ladies alone; and this one, of the same value, by the boys alone."

"What beautiful bows!" said Kate.

"Won't it be nice!" exclaimed Jessie.

"You are very good, Uncle Morris," said Guy. "We boys and girls can never repay you for your many kindnesses to us."

"I am more than repaid, my dear boy," replied the good old man, "by the love and good conduct of the Club. Since it was formed, Richard Duncan and Walter Sherwood have become new boys. Kate, I am sure, is much happier; and I think all the lads and misses have been benefited by it. So, you see, I have my reward in my hand, Guy. I don't think I could have bought more enjoyment with my money in any other way."

With these noble words Uncle Morris withdrew. As soon as he was out of hearing, Kate, who had kept her eyes on him, brushed away a tear or two, and said—

"I sincerely believe Uncle Morris is the best man in the world."

"I *know* he is," replied Jessie, in a tone that defied contradiction.

"What, better than *father*?" inquired Guy, with a knowing smile.

Jessie blushed, puckered her lips, and rejoined, "Oh, I didn't mean better than pa, Guy. You know what I mean."

"You mean, I suppose, that you have the best pa and the best uncle in the world."

"That's it! That's it, exactly!" cried Jessie; "and I have some other best things, too."

"Have you? What are they, pray?"

"The best cousin and the best brother in the world," said Jessie, sealing her opinion by giving a warm kiss, first to Kate and then to Guy.

The ringing of the dinner-bell now called the affectionate trio in to dinner.

The Archery Club had kept up very diligent practice all the summer. Two meetings a week prior to the vacation, and four since it began, had been held. Both lads and misses had become quite enamored with the noble and ancient pastime. Their health had been improved

by it, the young ladies having been especially benefited by so much active but moderate exercise out of doors. As to its effect on their manners, Uncle Morris—and he was no mean judge—affirmed that “the boys were never so gentle, and the girls never so full of self-respect and real maidenly dignity, as since the formation of the Club.”

As soon as the day for the grand trial of skill at archery was announced, it became the topic of conversation in every house which contained an archer. With his usual regard for the happiness of others, Uncle Morris invited the parents, brothers, and sisters of every member of the Club to be present, and to partake of the picnic, with which the pleasures of the afternoon were to be closed.

“This has been the longest week of the summer,” said Carrie Sherwood, as she joined Jessie, on the day of trial. “I really thought the time would never come.”

“Ha, ha, ha! That’s because you were in a hurry, Carrie. My Uncle Morris says that Old Time is a horse that won’t bear the whip, and

that the more we whip him the slower he goes. But the week hasn't seemed long to me."

"Hasn't it? Why, didn't you want it to go quick, too?"

"I've been so busy helping ma get ready for the picnic, I've hardly had time to think. But the day has come, and we are going to have such a merry time! Oh, I'm so glad!"

Jessie showed her gladness by clapping her hands, and capering round the floor with the agility of a squirrel, for a moment or two. Then growing calm again, she said—

"Come, Carrie, let us go down to the glen. I want to show you how nice our tables look."

Away ran the two little friends, hand-in-hand, down to the glen. Neither the visitors nor the archers had yet arrived, though every thing was ready for their reception. Jessie led her friend to the bower, which was guarded by the coachman and the hired man. It was very beautiful now. The vines covered its sides and top completely. Splendid climbing rose-trees adorned its entrances at each end. The table was loaded with choice fruits, doughnuts, cakes, pies, cold

meats, and bouquets of flowers. Festoons of evergreens were suspended from the roof. All that liberality and taste, joined with good common sense, could do, had been done.

"There!" cried Jessie, after she and Carrie had stood looking at the scene a few moments; "isn't that nice?"

"It's perfectly splendid!" said Carrie.

"Here come the archers! See!" cried Jessie, pointing up the lane which was between the glen and Glen Morris Cottage.

Yes, the boy-archers were coming, each with a single black feather in his cap, a bow in his hand, and three arrows in his belt. Several of the lady-archers, with their friends, were close behind. Most of them wore Zouave jackets and straw flats, with the rims rolled back,—turban hats they call them now, I believe,—and a single black feather in front. Innocent laughter and merry chit-chat betokened the joyous spirit they brought with them.

The glen was soon alive with archers and invited guests. Some strolled round the butts, others sat beneath the trees. Some of the older

folk stood holding earnest discourse about "the weather," "the times," "the markets," and "the church." All looked happy.

"Well, well," said Uncle Morris to his sister, as they came to the opening of the glen, and glanced over the delightful scene, "this is pleasant. How I do love to look on the happiness of others!"

"And to help make them happy," added Mrs. Carlton, casting a look of admiration on the old man's face, which was all aglow with the beautiful expression of benevolent feeling.

"Yes—yes—and to help make them happy," said the old gentleman, slowly. "That is my only business on earth now, sister. And a blessed, godlike business it is—but here is Guy. Well, Robin Hood (Guy's archery name, you recollect), are your archers and *archeresses* all here?"

"They are all here, Uncle, and ready to begin the sport of the hour."

"Are the invited guests all present, too?"

"I believe they are, Uncle. And the hour for beginning has almost arrived."

"True, my son, true," said Uncle Morris, looking at his watch. "*Punctuality is the soul of business.* It lacks only one minute of the time appointed. Sound your horn!"

Guy blew a loud, long blast on his bugle. The archers started to their place of assembly, and the visitors seated themselves on the chairs and benches previously arranged for their accommodation.

"As you are all candidates for honors to-day," said Uncle Morris, addressing the archers, "I cannot expect you to select a Queen of the Field, as you did last year. If you have no objection, I will preside—"

"Three cheers for our President, Uncle Morris!" said Norman Butler, interrupting the old gentleman.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the boys, waving their caps, while the girls waved their handkerchiefs, and swelled the shout.

"Thank you, my children, for your goodwill. Will you now draw lots for your turns to shoot?"

"I move that we do, Sir," said Richard.



"Very well. Here are as many numbers as there are archers. Put them in your cap, Guy, shake them up, and let every one draw for his or her turn in shooting for the first prize, which, as you all know, is this beautiful lance-wood bow."

Each archer drew a number, and the trial began. The boys were to stand one hundred and fifty feet from the target, the girls one hundred feet. Each archer was to discharge three arrows. Whoever shot nearest the centre of the target was to be counted the winner of the prize.

Adolphus had drawn the first number. He fired, but only one of his arrows touched the target, and that so near the outer edge, that Richard laughed, and said—

"You may hang up your fiddle, Dolph. Some of the girls will do better than that."

"I don't care," growled Adolphus, a little vexed at what he called his ill-luck. Had he called his poor shot the result of his own previous inattention to practice, he would have been nearer the truth.

Carrie shot next; and although her arrows all missed the target, she was roundly cheered, and pronounced a splendid archeress for a little girl.

The shooting went on with various degrees of skill. Richard put one arrow close to the edge of the gold in the centre, and many voices were heard to say—"Even Guy can't beat that."

When Kate's turn came she took her stand with a modest air, and shot so well that when her third arrow struck plump into the middle of the white, or third, ring of the target, every one was surprised.

"That's the best shot yet, except Richard's," said Uncle Morris. "I told you the morning hour had gold in its mouth. Do you remember, Kate?"

Kate bowed, and, blushing at her uncle's praise, stepped back among the girls, by whom she was very highly complimented for her skill.

"Alice has done better than Kate," said Guy, after Miss Sherwood had sent one of her arrows into the blue, or second, circle of the target.

"I'm glad," replied Kate, kissing her friend.

"I would rather be beaten by you, Alice, than by any other young lady in the village."

"Thank you, dear," rejoined Alice; "and I would rather excel any other young lady than you."

"Norman takes the first prize," said Uncle Morris, when all had shot. "He has put two arrows into the gold. Guy only put in one, and that outside of Norman's."

He then handed the beautiful lancewood bow to Norman, and said: "I give you this, my dear boy, as a reward for your skill in archery. You have hit the mark well, to-day. May you be as successful in hitting that higher mark which should be the aim of every boy's life—I mean the attainment of a manly, pure, and noble character on earth, and an imperishable crown in heaven."

Amidst much cheering, Norman retired with his prize. Among the foremost to congratulate him was Guy, who seized his hand, shook it warmly, and said—

"Nor, I'm glad you've won the bow!"

"Come, boys! Come, young ladies, let us

proceed to the contest for the second prize," said Uncle Morris, and holding up a lady's bow, he added—"This beautiful bow is to be given to the best archer among the ladies. Draw lots for turns, young ladies!"

Again the trial of skill began, with the girls only. Most of them shot wide of the target. Kate did well, but again Alice did better, and won the prize.

Uncle Morris gave her the bow with one of his best smiles, saying—

"Take this little tribute to superior skill with the bow, my dear; and when the Judge of all mankind shall award crowns to the victors in the contest for victory over evil, may you receive one radiant with the brightness of many stars!"

Alice took the bow, and retired with a thoughtful smile upon her lips. Kate met her with open arms, kissed her, and said, in tones which placed her sincerity above question—

"I am as glad you won the prize as if I had gained it myself!"

Guy's bugle sounded for the final trial of skill

by the boys only. In this contest, Guy asserted his old superiority with the bow and carried off the prize.

Then came the pic-nic with its merry laughter, its lively chat, and its harmless pleasantries. The face of Uncle Morris fairly shone with joy, and every one present partook, in a measure, of his spirit.

After the good things with which the table in the bower was loaded had disappeared, the company spread over the glen in little groups. In one of these knots was Bella Butler, the Cameron sisters, and two or three of their most intimate companions.

"Well, girls," said Cora; "how did you like the archery contest?"

"Very much indeed, only I wish I had won a prize," replied Nelly Briggs.

"I'm glad Kate Carlton didn't win the girl's prize," said Cora.

"What for?" asked her sister.

"Because I don't like her," rejoined Cora, somewhat spitefully.

"Why don't you like her?" inquired Bella.

"Because she is as proud as proud can be. Didn't you notice her air to-day? She walked like a queen."

"You are too hard on Kate, Cora," said Bella. "She *was* proud once, I admit, but lately she has been as modest and friendly as any girl in Duncanville."

"That's true," added Nelly Briggs; "and as to that air Cora complains of it's natural. She can't help it. I wish I could move with something of her dignity."

"Dignity, pooh! I wouldn't give a sprig of geranium for such dignity as hers," replied Cora, more angrily than before.

"Come, Cora, you must not be unjust to Kate. Give her all the credit she deserves. I disliked her as much as any one a few months ago, as you all know. But something altered her for the better early in the summer. I don't know what it was. I think she became a true Christian. Since then she has been one of the sweetest and most obliging girls in our set. Don't you think so, Nelly?"

"Yes, I know she has. When she first came

here she wouldn't speak to me. She used to sail past me with such a sneer and toss of the head that I really hated her. But this summer she has been so kind, so gentle, and so loving, that I have learned to love her like a sister. I wish I was half as good as I think she is now."

"So do I," remarked Cora's sister.

"And so do I," said another.

"And I wish so, too," added a third.

"There, Cora, you must give in, now," said Bella. "We are all against you. We all like Kate but you."

"I don't care. I don't like her, and I don't think I ever shall. I like Alice, but I can't love Kate Carlton—"

"What's that you say, Miss Cora?" inquired Richard Duncan, stepping up to the group of girls with Adolphus, Harry, and Norman.

Cora blushed as she replied, "I was saying I can't love Kate Carlton."

"That's treason against the Archery Club," said Richard, laughing. "Kate is one of us, and one of our rules is, that we should all speak kindly of one another."

"I shall speak as I feel," retorted Cora, with a toss of her head, which was any thing but pretty.

"I wish you didn't feel as you do, then, about Kate," said Richard, "for we all like her now first-rate. Don't we, boys?"

"I do," replied Adolphus. "She is a grand-looking girl. She is a regular-built lady."

"So say I," observed Norman. "Kate *was* ugly once, but she is good as any of the girls now, always excepting, of course, my sister Bella."

"Go away with you, Master Tease," said Bella, playfully pushing her brother aside.

"If Cora don't wish us to think that she is envious of Kate, she must stop talking against her," said Harry Randall.

"You impudent boy!" said Cora. She would have said more, but for Norman, who, touching her arm, whispered—

"Hush! Cora."

Cora turned round, and saw Alice and Kate coming up to her party.

"Pray, tell us what you have so interesting



to talk about here," said Alice. "We were growing dull down yonder, and have come to you to get waked up."

"Well, we have just got talked out," replied Bella, laughing. "Won't you please give us a new topic?"

"A *new* topic, eh? That's asking an impossibility, unless you take us to the realm of the sun; for didn't Solomon say, years ago, that there is nothing new *under* the sun?"

A general laugh followed, and the knot broke up into smaller groups, and scattered about the glen.

Did not this conversation show that Kate's improved spirit had won golden opinions from her young friends? Her humility had secured to her the sweet fruits of love and respect from all but envious Cora.

The afternoon fled swiftly away. When the sun went down and the party broke up, Kate expressed the general feeling in her parting remark to her friend—

"This," said she, "has been the happiest day of my life."

And yet, Kate had won no prize for archery. Would that day have brought her so much happiness, think you, if she had carried into it the spirit which ruled her when you first made her acquaintance? No, no. Then her vanity would have made her odious to others and wretched in herself; her pride would have been galled by her failure to win a prize, and her selfish nature would have envied Alice, instead of rejoicing over her success. May I not, therefore, class her with the *winners*, rather than the losers, on that occasion? They had won *bows*; she had won that greatest of prizes—a conquest over herself.

Yes, Kate had won in the highest of all conflicts; so had Guy and Jessie, Walter, Carrie, Alice, and Richard. Hugh, Adolphus, Norman, Donald, and the rest, had failed to win that costly prize. What they did afterwards I may not now tell you, for here my curtain drops, and, for the present, we must bid adieu to our Duncanville acquaintances, saying —“Sweet friends, good-night, good-night!”

### CONCLUDING NOTE.

The Glen Morris Stories are ended, and I bid my young readers farewell, trusting that their brief mental sojourn at Duncanville has been the means of teaching them some lessons of life which will help them to become as noble and self-denying in their youth as our favorite Guy; and, in their maturer years (if they should live to be old), as loving and as lovable as Uncle Morris. May they also be as successful in their struggles with their faults as Alice, Richard, Walter, Jessie, and Kate. With these wishes, I bid you farewell, my children, hoping to meet you again, however, in the pages of some other books I am planning for your amusement and profit. Till then, my children, farewell!

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